

HUDIBRAS.

THE

Third and Last PART.

Written by the AUTHOUR

OF THE

FIRST and SECOND PARTS.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Robert Horne, and are to be sold by
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THE

THE

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Printed by the AUTHOR

FIRST and SECOND PARTS

1700

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HUDIBRAS.

The Third and Last Part.

The ARGUMENT of the FIRST CANTO of the Third Part.

*The Knight and Squire resolve at once,
The one the other to renounce.*

*They both approach the Ladie's Bower,
The Squire i' inform, the Knight to woo her.*

She treats them with a Masquerade,

By Furies and Hobgoblins made :

*From which the Squire conveys the Knight,
And steals him, from himself, by Night.*

CANTO I.

TIS true, no Lover has that Pow'r
To enforce a desperate Amour,
As he that has two Strings to's Bow,
And burns for Love and Money too :
For then he's brave and Resolute,
Disdains to render in his Suit,

Has all his *Flames* and *Raptures* double,
And *hangs* or *drowns* with half the trouble.
While those who *silly* pursue

The *simple* downright way, and true,
Make as unlucky Applications,
And steer against the Stream their Passions.

Some forge their *Mistresses* of Stars,
And when the Ladies prove averse,
And more untoward to be won,

Than by *Caligula* the Moon,
Cry out upon the Stars for doing
Ill Offices to cross their *wooing* ;

When only by themselves they'r hindred,
For trusting *those they made her Kindred* :

And still the harsher and hide-bounder
The Damsels prove, become the sonder.

For what mad Lover ever dy'd,
To gain a soft and gentle *Bride* ?

Or for a Lady tender-hearted,
In *purling* Streams or *Hemp* departed ?

Leap'd

CANTO I.

3

Leap'd headlong int' *Elixium*,
Through th' Windows of a *dazling Room*?
But for some cross ill-natur'd Dame,
The amo'rous Fly burnt in his *flame*.
This to the *Knight* could be no *News*,
With all Mankind so much in use;
Who therefore took the wiser course,
To make the most of his *Amours*,
Resolv'd to try all sorts of ways,
As follows in due *Time* and *Place*.

No sooner was the bloody Fight
Between the *Wizard* and the *Knight*
With all th' Appurtenances over,
But he relaps'd again t' a *Lover*:
As he was always wont to doe
When h' had discomfited a Foe,
And us'd the only *Antick Philters*
Deriv'd from old *Heroick Tilters*.

But now Triumphant and Victorious,
He held th' Achievement was too glorious
For such a Conquerour, to meddle
With *Petty Constable*, or *Beadle* ;
Or fly for Refuge to the *Hofstess*
Of th' Inns of Court and Chancery, *Justice* :
Who might, perhaps, reduce his Cause
To th' *Ordeal Tryal* of the Laws ;
Where none escape, but such as branded
With red-hot Irons have past *Bare-handed* ;
And if they cannot read one *Verse*
Itb Psalms, must sing it, and that's worse.
He therefore, judging it below him,
To tempt a shame the *Devil might owe him*,
Resolv'd to leave the Squire for *Bail*
And *Mainprize* for him, to the *Gaol*,
To answer, with his Vessel, all
That might disastrously befall.
He thought it now the fittest juncture,
To give the Lady a *Rencounter* ;

CANTO I.

3

T acquaint her with his Expedition,
And Conquest o're the *fierce Magician*;
Describe the manner of the Fray,
And shew the spoils he brought away;
His bloody *Scourging* aggravate,
The Number of the Blows and Weight:
All which might probably succeed,
And gain belief h' had done the deed.
Which he resolv'd t' enforce, and spare
No pawning of his Soul, to swear;
But, rather than produce his Back
To set his Conscience on the Rack:
And, in pursuance of his urging
Of Articles perform'd, and scourging,
And all things else upon his part,
Demand deliv'ry of her Heart,
Her Goods, and Chattels, and good Graces,
And Person, up to his embraces.

A 4

Thought

Thought he the ancient *Errant Knights*
 Won all their *Ladies Hearts* in *Fights*,
 And cut whole *Giants* into *Fitters*,
 To put them into amorous *twitters*;
 Whose stubborn *Bowels* scorn'd to yield
 Until their *Gallants* were half kill'd :
 But when their *Bones* were drubb'd so sore
 They durst not *wooe one Combat* more,
 The *Ladies Hearts* began to melt,
 Subdu'd with *Blows* their *Lovers* felt,
 So *Spanish Heroes* with their *Lances*
 At once wound *Bulls* and *Ladies fancies* :
 And he acquires the noblest *Spouse*
 That *Widows* greatest *Heids of Cows*.
 Then what may I expect to do,
 Wh' have quell'd so vast a *Buffalo* ?
 Mean while the *Squire* was on his way
 The *Knight's late Orders* to obey ;
 Thought

Who

Who sent him for a *strong Detachment*
Of *Beadles, Constables, and Watchmen*,
Tattack the *Cunning-man* for Plunder
Committed falsely on his Lumber,
When he, who had so lately sack'd
The Enemy, had done the Fact,
Had rifled all his Pokes and Fobs
Of *Gimcracks, Whims* and *Jiggumbabs*,
Which he by hook or crook had gather'd,
And for his own Inventions father'd:
And when they should, at *Gaol-delivery*,
Unriddle one another's Thievery,
Both might have evidence enough
To render neither halter-proof,
He thought it desperate to tarry,
And venture to be *Accessory*:
But rather wisely slip his Fetters,
And leave them for the *Knight*, his *Betters*.
He call'd to mind th' unjust foul play
He would have offer'd him that day,

To

To make him curry his own Hide,
 Which no Beast ever did beside,
 Without all possible evasion,
 But of the *Riding Dispensation*.
 And therefore much about the hour,
 The Knight (for reasons told before)
 Resolv'd to leave him to the Fury
 Of Justice and an *unpack'd Jury*,
 The *Squire* concurr'd t' abandon him,
 And serve him in the self-same Trim ;
 T' acquaint the *Lady* what h' had done,
 And what he meant to carry on ;
 What *Project* 'twas he went about,
 When *Sidrophel* and he fell out ;
 His firm and stedfast Resolution,
 To swear her to an *Execution* ;
 To pawn his inward Ears, to marry her.
 And Bribe the Devil himself to carry her.
 In which both dealt, as if they meant
 Their *Party Saints* to represent,

Who

Who never fail'd, upon their sharing
 In any Prosperous *Arms-Bearing*,
 To lay themselves out, to supplant
 Each other *Cosin-German Saint*.
 But e'r the *Knight* could do his Part,
 The *Squire* had got so much the Start,
 H'had to the *Lady* done his Errand,
 And told her all his Tricks afore-hand.
 Just as he finish'd his Report,
 The *Knight* alighted in the Court;
 And having ty'd his Beast t' a Pale,
 And taken time for both to stale,
 He put his Band and Beard in order,
 The Sprucer to accost and board her;
 And now began t' approach the Door:
 When she, wh' had spy'd him out before,
 Convey'd th' *Informer* out of sight,
 And went to emertain the *Knight*,
 With whom encountering after *Longes*
 Of humble and *submissive* Congees
 And

CANTO I

And all *due Ceremonies* paid,
 He stroak'd his Beard, and thus he said:
 Madam, I do, *as is my Duty*,
 Honour the Shadow of your Shoe-eye:
 And now am come, to bring your Ear
 A Present you'll be glad to hear;
 At least I hope so. The thing's done,
 Or may I never see the Sun;
 For which I humbly now demand
 Performance at your gentle Hand:
 And that you'd please to do your part,
 As I have done mine to my smart.
 With that he shrugg'd his sturdy Back,
 As if he felt his Shoulders ake.
 But she, who well enough knew what on
 (Before he spoke) he would be at,
 Pretended not to apprehend
 The Mystery of what he mean'd:
 And therefore wish'd him to expound
 His dark expressions less profound.

bnA

Madam,

C A N T O I

Madam, quoth he, I have not spar'd my tatter'd skin;
 How much I've suffer'd for your Love,
 Which (like your Votary) to win,
 I have not spar'd my tatter'd skin;
 And, for those meritorious Lashes,
 To claim your favour and good Graces,
 Quoth she, I do remember once
 I freed you from th' enchanted Sconce
 And that you promis'd, for that favour,
 To bind your Back to th' good Behaviour,
 And for my Sake and Service would
 To lay upon't a heavy Load,
 And what 'twould bear, a scruple prove;
 As other Knights do oft make love.
 Which, whether you have done or not,
 Concerns your self; not me, to know;
 But if you have, I shall Confess,
 I are honestest than I could guess.
 Quoth he, If you suspect my truth,
 I cannot prove it but by Oath;

And

*And, if you make a question on't,
I'll pawn my Soul, that I have don't.
And he that makes his Soul his Surety,
I think, does give the best security.
Quoth she, Some say, the Soul's secure
Against Distress and Forfeiture;
Is free from Action, and exempt
From Execution and Contempt;
And to be summon'd to appear
In th' other World, s' illegal here:
And therefore few make any account,
Int' what incumbrances they run't.
For most men carry things so even
Between this World, and Hell and Heaven,
Without the least offence to either,
They freely deal in all together;
And equally abhor to quit
This World for both, or both for it.
And when they pawn and damn their Souls,
They are but Prisoners on Parols.*

For that, quoth he, 'tis rational,
They may be accomptable in all.
For when there is that intercourse
Between Divine and Humane Pow'rs,
That all that we determine here
Commands Obedience every where;
When Penalties may be commuted
For Fines, or Ears, and Executed;
It follows, nothing binds so fast
As Souls in Pawn and Mortgage past.
For Oaths are th' only Tests and Scales
Of right and wrong, and true and false;
And there's no other way to try
The Doubts of Law and Justice by.
Quoth she, What is it you would swear?
There's no believing till I hear:
For till th' are understood, all Tales
(Like Nonsense) are not True, nor False.
Quoth he, When I resolv'd to obey
What you commanded th' other day,

And

And to perform my Exercise,
 (As Schools are wont) for your fair eyes;
 To avoid all Scruples in the Case,
 I went to do't upon the Place.
 But as the Castle is enchanted
 By Sidrophel the Witch, and haunted
 With evil Spirits, as you know,
 Who took my Squire and me for two;
 Before I'd hardly time to lay
 My weapons by, and dis-array,
 I heard a Formidable Noise,
 Loud as the Stentrophonick Voice,
 That Roar'd far off, Dispatch and Strip,
 I'm ready with th' Infernal Whip,
 That shall deuest thy Ribs of Skin,
 To expiate thy lingering Sin.
 Th' hast broke perfidiously thy Oath,
 And not perform'd thy plighted Troth;
 But spar'd thy Renegade Back,
 Where th' hadst so great a Prize at Stake:

Which

Which now the Fates have order'd me
For Penance, and Revenge to Flay,
Unless thou presently make haste.
Time is, Time was ; and there it ceas'd,
With which though startled, I confess,
Ta th' Horror of the thing was less
Than th' other Dismal apprehension
Of Interruption or Prevention.
And therefore snatching up the Rod,
I laid upon my Back a load ;
Resolv'd to spare no Flesh and Blood,
To make my Word and Honour good.
Till tir'd, and taking Truce at length,
For new Recruits of Breath and Strength,
I felt the Blows still ply'd as fast,
As if th' had been by Lovers plac'd
In Raptures of Platonick Lashing,
And chaste Contemplative Bardashing.
When facing hastily about,
To stand upon my Guard and Scout,

B

I found

I found the Infernal Canning-man,
 And th' Under-mitch, his Caliban,
 With Scourges (like the Furies) arm'd,
 That on my outward Quarters storm'd.
 In haste I snatch'd my Weapon up,
 And gave their Hellish Rage a stop;
 Call'd thrice upon your Name, and fell
 Courageously on Sidrophel:
 Who now transform'd himself t' a Bear,
 Began to roar aloud and tear;
 When I as furiously prest on,
 My Weapon down his Throat to run,
 Laid hold on him: but he brok loose,
 And turn'd himself into a Goose,
 Div'd under Water, in a Pond,
 To hide himself from being found.
 In vain I sought him, but as soon
 As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,
 Prepar'd with equal Haste and Rage,
 His Under-Sarcerer to engage.

But

But bravely Scorning to desile
 My Sword with feeble blond and viles;
 I judg'd it better from a Quick
 Set-Hedge to cut a knotted Stick;
 With which I furiously laid on;
 Till in a harsh and dolefull tone
 It roar'd, Oh hold for pity, Sir,
 I am too great a Sufferer,
 Abus'd, as you have been, by a Witch;
 But conjur'd int' a worse Caprich:
 Who sends me out on many a Jaunt,
 Old Houses in the Night to haunt;
 For opportunities t' improve
 Designs of Thievery or Love;
 With Drugs convey'd in Drink or Meat,
 All Feats of Witches counterfeit;
 Kill Pigs and Geese with powdered Glass,
 And make it for Inchantments pass,
 With Cow-itch meate like a Luper,
 And choak with Fumes of Guiny Peppers.

Make Lechers and their Punks with Dewtry
 Commit phantastical Advowtry ;
 Bewitch Hermetick men to run
 Stark staring mad with Manicon ;
 Believe Mechanick Virtuosi
 Can raise 'em Mountains in Potosi ;
 And sillier than the Antick Fools,
 Take Treasure for a Heap of Coals :
 Seek out for Plants with Signatures,
 To Quack of Universal Cures ;
 With Figures ground on panes of Glass,
 Make People on their Heads to pass ;
 And mighty heaps of Coyne increase,
 Reflected from a single piece :
 To draw in Fools, whose Nat'ral Itches
 Incline perpetually to Witches ;
 And keep me in continual Fears,
 And Danger of my Neck and Ears :
 When less Delinquent have been scourg'd,
 And Hemp on wooden Arwils forg'd,

Which

Which others for Cravats have worn
About their Necks, and took a Turn.
 I pity'd the sad Punishment
 The wretched *Caitiff* underwent,
 And held my Drubbing of his Bones
 Too great an Honour for *Pultrones*;
 For Knights are bound to feel no Blows
 From paltry and unequal Foes,
 Who when they slash and cut to pieces,
 Do all with civillest Addresses;
 Their Horses never give a Blow,
 But when they make a Leg and Bow,
 I therefore spar'd his Flesh, and prest him
 About the Witch, with many a Question.
 Quoth he, *For many Years he drove*
A kind of Broking-Trade in Love,
Employ'd in all th' Intrigues and Trust
Of feeble Speculative Lust;
Procuxer to th' Extravagancy.
And crazy Ribaldry of Fancy.

By those the Devil had forsook,
 As things below to him, to provoke,
 But being a Vertuoso, able
 To Smatter, Quack, and Cant, and Dabble,
 He held his Talent most Adroit
 For any Mystical Exploit;
 As others of his Tribe had done,
 And rais'd their Prizes Three to One.
 For one Prescribing Rump has the Odds
 Of Chauldrons of plain downright Bauds.
 But as an Elf (the Devils Valet)
 Is not so slight a thing to get,
 For those that do his business best,
 In Hell are us'd the ruggedest;
 Before so meriting a Person
 Could get a Grant, but in Reversion,
 He serv'd two Prentiships and longer
 In th' Mystery of a Lady-Monger.
 For (as some write) A Witches Ghost
 As soon as from the Body loos'd,

Becomes

Becomes a Pining-Imp it self,
 And is another Witche's Elf.
 He after searching far and near,
 At length found one in Lancashire,
 With whom he bargain'd beforehand,
 And, after Flanging, entertain'd.
 Since which h' has play'd a thousand Feats,
 And practis'd all Mechanick Cheats:
 Transform'd himself to th' ugly Shapes
 Of Wolves, and Beasts, Baboons, and Apes;
 Which he has vary'd more than Witches,
 Or Pharaoh's Wizards could their Switches;
 And all with whom h' has had to do,
 Turn'd to as Monstrous Figures too.
 Witness my self, whom h' has abus'd,
 And to this Beastly shape reduc'd,
 By feeding me on Beans and Pease,
 He crams in nasty Crevices,
 And turns to Comfits by his Arts,
 To make me relish for Differts,

And one by one with Shame and Fear
 Lick up the candid Provender.
 Beside---But as h' was running on,
 To tell what other Feats h' had done,
 The Lady stopt his full Career,
 And told him, now 'twas time to hear:
 If half those things (said she) be true,
 (Th' are all (quoth he) I swear by you)
 Why then (said she) that Sidrophel
 Has damn'd himself to th' Pit of Hell;
 Who, mounted on a Broom, the Nag
 And Hackney of a Lapland Hag,
 In Quest of you came hither Past,
 Within an Hour (I'm sure) at most;
 Who told me all you swear and say,
 Quite contrary another way;
 Vow'd, that you came to him to know
 If you should carry me or no;
 And would have hir'd him and his Imps,
 To be your Match-makers and Pimps,

T'in-

To ingage the Devil on your Side,
 And steal (like Proserpine) your Bride,
 But he disdain'd to embrace
 So filthy a Design; and base,
 You fell to vapouring and buffing,
 And drew upon him, like a Ruffin;
 Surpriz'd him meanly, unprepar'd,
 Before he had time to mount his Guard;
 And left him dead upon the Ground,
 With many a Bruise, and desperate wound:
 Swore you had broke and rob'd his House,
 And stole his Talismanique Louse,
 And all his New-found Old Inventions,
 With flat Felonious Intentions;
 Which he could bring out, where he had,
 And what he bought 'em for and paid;
 His Flea, his Morpion, and Punese,
 He had gotten for his proper ease,
 And all in perfect Minutes made,
 By th' ablest Artists of the Trade;
 He

Which

Which (he could prove it) since he left,
 He has been eaten up almost;
 And all together might amount
 To many hundreds on account:
 For which h^e had got sufficient warrant
 To seize the Malefactors Errant,
 Without capacity of Bail,
 But of a Cart's or Horse's Tail;
 And did not doubt to bring the Wretches,
 To serve for Pendulums to Watches;
 Which modern Virtuoso's say,
 Incline to Hanging every way,
 Beside he swore, and swore 'twas true,
 That ere he went in Quest of you,
 He set a Figure to discover
 If you were fled to Rye or Dover;
 And found it clear, that, to betray
 Your selves and me, you fled this way;
 And that he was upon pursuit,
 To take you somewhere hereabout.

He wou'd he had had Intelligence (of him) of him
 Of all that past before and since; and might have
 And found, that ere you came to him, he wou'd have
 It had been engaging Life and Limb had he not
 About a case of tender Conscience, which all quibbled
 Where both abounded in your own Service; till it
 Till Ralpho, by his Light and Grace, was not
 Had clear'd all Scruples in the Case; to which
 And prov'd that you might swear, and own
 Whatever's by the Weak'd done, but all the while
 For which, most basely to requite
 The Service of his Gifts and Light,
 You strove to oblige him by main force,
 To scourge his Ribs instead of yours,
 But that he stood upon his Guard,
 And all your vapouring out-dar'd
 For which, between you both, the Feast
 Has never been performed as yet. (nor should I)
 While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight
 Turn'd the outside of his eyes to white.

There A.

(As

(As Men of Inward Light are wont
 To turn their Opticks in upon't.)
 He wonder'd how she came to know
 What he had done, and meant to do;
 Held up his *Affidavit hand*,
 As if he had been to be arraign'd:
 Cast tow'rd the Door a ghastly Look,
 In dread of *Sidropbel*, and spoke
Madam, if but one Word be true
Of all the Wizard has told you,
Or but one single Circumstance
In all th' Apocryphal Romance,
May dreadful Earthquakes swallow down
This Vessel, that is all your own;
Or may the Heavens fall, and order
These Reliques of your constant Lover.
 You have provided well, quoth she,
 (I thank you) for your self and me;
 And sworn your *Presbyterian Wits*
 Jump punctual with the *Jesuits*.

A most

A most compendious way and civil,
At once to cheat the World, the Devil,
And Heav'n and Hell, your selves and Those
On whom you vainly think 't impose.
Why then (quoth he) may Hell surprize:
That trick (said she) will not pass twice:
I've learn'd how far I'm to believe
Your pinning Oaths upon your Sleeve.
But there's a better way of Clearing
What you would prove, than downright Swearing;
For if you have perform'd the Feat,
The Blows are visible as yet
Enough to serve for satisfaction
Of nicest scruples in the Action.
And if you can produce those Knobs;
Although th' are but the Witche's Drubs,
I'll pass them all upon account,
As if your natural self had down'd,
Provided that they pass th' Opinion
Of able Juries of old Women.
Who

Who, us'd to judge all matter of Fates
For Bellies, may do so for Backs:

Madam, (quoth he) your Love's a Million;
To do is less than to be willing,
As I am, were it in my pow'r,
I obey what you command, and more.
But for performing what you bid,
I thank you as much as if I did.
You know I ought to have a care
To keep my Wounds from taking Air:
For Wounds in those that are all Heart
Are dangerous in any Part.

I find (quoth she) my Goods and Chattels
Are like to prove but mere drawn Battels;
For still the longer we contend,
We are but farther off the end.
But granting now we should agree,
What is it you expect from me?

Your

Your plighted Faith (quoth he) and Word
 Ton past in Heaven on Record,
 Where all Contract, to have and i' hold,
 Are everlastingly inroll'd.
 And if 'tis counted Treason, here
 To race Records, 'tis much more there.
 Quoth she, There are no Bargains driv'n
 Nor Marriages clapp'd up in Heaven
 And that's the reason, as some guess,
 There is no Heav'n in Marriages
 Two things that naturally press
 Too narrowly, to be at ease.
 Their bus'ness there is onely Love,
 Which Marriage is not like i' improve.
 Love, that's too generous, i' abide
 To be against its Nature ty'd
 For where 'tis of it self inclin'd,
 It breaks loose when it is confin'd
 And, like the Son, its harbourer,
 Debarr'd the freedom of the Air,

Disdains

Disdains against its will to stay,
 But struggles out, and flies away:
 And therefore never can comply
 To endure the Matrimonial tie,
 That binds the Female and the Male,
 Where th' one is but the other's Bail;
 Like Roman Gaolers, when they slept,
 Chain'd to the Prisoners they kept,
 Of which the True and Faithfullst Lover
 Gives best security to suffer.

Marriage is but a Beast, some say,
 That carries double in foul way;
 And therefore 'tis not to b' admir'd
 It should so suddenly be tir'd:
 A Bargain at a venture made
 Between two Part'ners in a Trade,
 (For what's infer'd by T' have and t' hold,
 But something past away, and sold?)

Disdain

That

That as it makes but one of two,
 Reduces all things else as low :
 And at the best is but a Mart
 Between the one and th' other part,
 That on the Marriage-day is paid,
 Or hour of Death, the Bet it laid.
 And all the rest of Bett'r or worse
 Both are but losers out of Purse.
 For when upon their ungot Heirs
 Th'intail themselves, and all that's theirs,
 What blinder Bargain e're was driven,
 Or Wager laid at six and seven ?
 To pass themselves away, and turn
 Their Children's Tenants e're th' are born ?
 Beg one another Idiot
 To Guardians, e're they are begot ;
 Or ever shall, perhaps, by th' one,
 Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,
 Though got b' Implicit Generation,
 And General Club of all the Nation :

For which she's fortify'd no less
 Then all the Island, with four Seas
 Exacts the Tribute of her Dow'r
 In ready Insolence and Pow'r;
 And makes him pass away, to Have
 And Hold, to her, himself, her slave,
 More wretched then an Ancient Villain,
 Condemnd to Drudgery and Tilling;
 While all he does upon the By,
 She is not bound to justifie,
 Nor at her proper cost and charge
 Maintain the Feats he does at large.
 Such hideous Sots were those obedient
 Old Vassals to their Ladies Regent;
 To give the Cheats the Eldest hand
 In Foul Play, by the Law, o' the Land;
 For which so many a legal Cuckold
 Has been run down in Courts, and truchted.

A Law that most unjustly yokes
All Johns of Stiles to Joans of Nokes;
Without distinction of Degree,
Condition, Age, or Quality;
Admits no Power of Revocation,
Nor valuable Consideration,
Nor Writ of Error, nor Reverse
Of Judgement past For better or worse;
Will not allow the Privileges
That Beggars challenge under Hedges,
Who, when th' are griev'd, can make dead Horses
Their Spiritual Judges of Divorces;
While nothing else but Rem in Re,
Can set the proudest wretches free:
A Slavery beyond enduring,
But that 'tis of their own procuring:
As Spiders never seek the Fly,
But leave him, of himself t' apply;
So men are by themselves betray'd,
To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,

*And run their Necks into a Nooze,
They'd break 'em after, to break loose.
As some, whom Death would not depart,
Have done the Feat themselves by Art.
Like Indian-Widows, gone to bed
In flaming Curtains to the Dead :
And Men as often dangled for't,
And yet will never leave the Sport.*

*Nor do the Ladies want excuse
For all the Stratagems they use,
To gain th' advantage of the Set,
And lurch the Amorous Rook and Cheat.
For, as a Pythagorean Soul
Runs through all Beasts, and Fish, and Fowl,
And has a smack of ev'ry one ;
So Love does, and has ever done.
And therefore, though 'tis ne're so fond,
Takes strangely to the Vagabond.*

*Tis but an Ague that's reverst,
Whose hot fit takes the Patient first,
That after burns with cold as much
As Ir'n in Greenland does the touch ;
Melts in the Furnace of desire,
Like Glass, that's but the Ice of Fire ;
And when his heat of Fancy's over,
Becomes as hard and frail a Lover.*

*For when he's with Love-powder laden,
And Prim'd and Cock'd by Miss, or Madam,
The smallest sparkle of an Eye
Gives Fire to his Artillery ;
And off the loud Oaths go, but while
Th' are in the very Aſ, recoil.*

*Hence 'tis, so few dare take their chance
Without a separate maintenance :*

*And Widows, who have try'd one Lover,
Trust none again, till th' have made over.*

Or if they do, before they marry,

The Foxes weigh the Geese they carry :

And e're they venture are a stream,
Know how to size themselves and them.
Whence witty'st Ladies always choose
To undertake the heaviest Goose.
For now the World is grown so wary,
That few of either Sex dare marry,
But rather trust on tick & Amours,
The Cross and Pile for Bet's or Worse;
A Mode that is held honourable,
As well as French and fashionable.
For when it falls out for the best,
Where both are incommoded least,
In Soul and Body two unite,
To make up one Hermaphrodite;
Still Amorous, and Fond, and Billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a Shilling,
Th' have more Rungilio's and Capriches
Between the Petticoat and Breeches,
More petulant Extravagancies,
Then Poets make 'em in Romances.

Though

Though, when the Heroes sponse the Dames,
We here no more of Charms and Flames :
For then their late attracts decline,
And turn as eager as Prick'd Wine ;
And all their Catterwauling tricks,
In earnest to as jealous Piques :
Which th' Ancients wisely signify'd,
By th' yellow Manto's of the Bride.
For Jealousie is but a kind
Of Clap and Grincam of the Mind,
The natural effect of Love,
As other Flames and Ashes prove :
But all the mischief is, the doubt
On whose account they first broke out.
For though Chineses go to Bed,
And lye in in their Ladies stead,
And for the pains they took before,
Are nurs'd and pamper'd to do more :
Our Green-men do it worse, when th' hap
To fall in labour of a Clap ;

Both lay the Child to one another :
But who's the Father, who the Mother,
'Tis hard to say in Multitudes,
Or who imported the French Goods.
But Health and Sickneſs b'ing all one,
Which both ingag'd before to own,
And are not with their Bodies bound
To Worſhip onely when th' are ſound;
Both give and take their equal ſhares
Of all they ſuffer by falſe Wares :
A Fate no Lover can divert
With all his caution, Wit, and Art.
For 'tis in vain to think to gueſs
At Women by Appearances,
Tha: Paint and Patch their Imperfections
Of Intellectual Complexions,
And daub their Tempers o're with Waſhes
As artificial as their Faces;
Wear under Vizard-Masks their Talents
And Mother Wits before their Gallants?

Until

Until th' are hamper'd in the Noose,
 Too fast to dream of breaking loose:
 When all the Flaws they strove to hide
 Are made unready, with the Bride,
 That with her Wedding-cloaths undresses
 Her Complaisance and Gentileſſes;
 Tries all her Arts, to take upon her
 The Government from th' eaſe owner,
 Until the Wretch is glad to wave
 His lawful Right, and turn her Slave;
 Finds all his Having, and his Holding,
 Reduc'd t' eternal Noiſe and Scolding,
 The Conjugal Petard, that tears
 Down all Portcullices of Ears,
 And makes the Volly of one Tongue
 For all their Leathern Shields too ſtrong,
 When onely arm'd with Noiſe and Nails,
 The Female Silk-worms ride the Males,
 Transform'd 'em into Rams and Goats,
 Like Sirens with their charming Notes,

Sweet

*Sweet as a Screech-Owl's Sennado,
 Or those enchanting murmurs made
 By th' Husband Mandrake and the Wife,
 Both bury'd (like themselves) alive.*

*Quoth he, these Reasons are but strains
 Of wanton, over-heated Brains,
 Which Ralliers in their Wit or Drink
 Do rather wheedle with, than think,
 Man was not Man in Paradise,
 Untill he was Created twice,
 And had his better half, His Bride,
 Carv'd from th' Original, his side,
 T' amend his Natural defects,
 And perfect his recruited Sex,
 Inlarge his Breed, at once, and lessen
 The Pains and Labour of increasing,
 By changing them for other cares,
 As by his dry'd up-Paps appears.*

His

His Body, that stupendious Frame,
Of all the World the Anagram,
Is of two equal parts compact
In Shape and Symmetry exact.
Of which the Last and Female side
Is to the Manly Right a Bride,
Both joyn'd together with such Art,
That nothing else but Death can part.
Those Heav'nly attributes of yours, your Eyes, and Face,
That all the World surprize,
That dazle all that look upon ye,
And scorch all other Ladies Tawny;
Those ravishing and charming Graces,
Are all made up of two Half Faces,
That in a Mathematick Line,
Like those in other Heavens, join.
Of which if either grew alone,
'Twould fright as much to look upon:
And so would that sweet Bud, your Lip,
Without the other's fellowship.

Our

Our Noblest Senses all by Pairs,
Two Eyes to see, to hear two Ears;
Th' Intelligencers of the Mind,
To wait upon the Soul design'd.
But those that serve the Body alone,
Are single and confin'd to one.
The World is but two Parts, that meet,
And close at th' *Æquinoctial*, fit;
And so are all the Works of Nature,
Stamp'd with her signature on Matter;
Which all her Creatures, to a Leaf,
Or smallest Blade of Grass, receive.
All which sufficiently declare
How intirely Marriage is her care,
The onely method that she uses,
In all the wonders she produces.
And those that take their rules from her,
Can never be deceiv'd, nor err.
For what secures the Civil Life
But pawns of Children and a Wife;

That

That lie, like Hostages, at Stake,
To pay for all Men undertake?
To whom it is as Necessary,
As to be born and breath, to marry;
So Universal, all Mankind
In nothing else is of one mind.
For in what stupid Age, or Nation,
Was Marriage ever out of Fashion?
Unless among the Amazons,
Or Vestal Friars, and Cloister'd Nuns,
Or Stoicks, who to bar the Freaks
And loose Excesses of the Sex,
Preposterously would have all Women
Turn'd up to all the World in common.
Though Men would find such mortal Fewds
In sharing of their publick Goods,
'Twould put them to more charge of Lives,
Than th' are supply'd with now by Wives;
Until they Graze, and wear their Cloaths,
As Beasts do, of their Native Growths:

For

For simple wearing of their Horns,
Will not suffice to serve their turns.
For what can we pretend to inherit,
Unless the Marriage-deed will bear it?
Could claim no Right to Lands or Rents,
But for our Parents settlements.
Had been but younger Sons o' th' Earth,
Debarr'd it all, but for our Birth.
What Honours, or Estates of Peers
Could be preserv'd but by their Heirs?
And what security maintains
Their Right and Title, but the Banes?
What Crowns could be Hereditary,
If greatest Monarchs did not marry,
And with their Consorts consummate
Their weightiest Interest of State?
For all th' Amours of Princes are
But Guaranties of Peace or War:
Or what but Marriage has a Charm,
The Rage of Empires to disarm,

Make

Make Bloud and Desolation cease,
 And Fire and Sword unite in Peace,
 When all their fierce contests for Forrage
 Conclude in Articles of Marriage;
 Nor does the Genial Bed provide
 Less for the Interests of the Bride;
 Who else had not the least Pretence
 To as much as Due Benevolence;
 Could no more Title take upon her
 To Vertue, Quality, and Honour,
 Than Ladies Errant, unconfin'd,
 And Feme-Couverts to all Mankind.
 All Women would be of one piece,
 The vertuous Matron, and the Miss;
 The Nymphs of chaste Diana's Train,
 The same with those in Lewknors-lane;
 But for the difference Marriage makes
 Twixt Wives, and Ladies of the Lakes;
 Besides, the joys of Place and Birth,
 The Sexes Paradise on Earth;

A privilege so sacred held,
That none will to their Mothers yield;
But rather than not go before,
Abandon Heaven at the Door.
And if th' indulgent Law allows
A greater freedom to the Sponse;
The reason is, because the Wife
Runs greater hazards of her Life;
Is trusted with the Form and Matter
Of all Mankind by careful Nature.
Where Man brings nothing but the Stuff,
She frames the wondrous Fabrick of:
Who therefore, in a streight, may freely
Demand the Clergy of her Belly,
And make it save her, the same way,
It seldom misses to betray.
Unless both Parties wisely enter
Into the Liturgy-Indenture.
And though some fits of small contest
Sometimes fall out among the Best,

That

That is no more than every Lover
Does from his Hackney-Lady suffer;
That makes no Breach of Faith and Love,
But rather (sometime) serves to improve.
For, as in Running, ev'ry Pace
Is but between two Legs a Race,
In which both do their uttermost
To get before, and win the Post;
Yet when th' are at their race's ends,
Th' are still as kind and constant friends,
And to relieve their weariness,
By turns give one another ease:
So all those false Alarms of strife
Between the Husband and the Wife,
And little Quarrels, often prove
To be but new recruits of Love.
When those wh' are always kind or coy,
In time must either Tire, or Cloy.
Nor are their loudest Clamours more;
Than as th' are relish'd, Sweet, or Sour:

D

Like

Like Musick, that proves bad, or good,
According as 'tis understood.
In all Amours a Lover burns,
With Frowns, as well as Smiles, by turns
And Hearts have been as oft with fallen,
As charming looks, surpriz'd and stollen.
Then why should more bewitching Clamour
Some Lovers not as much enamour?
For Discords make the sweetest Airs,
And Curses are a kind of Prayers,
Too slight Alloys for all those grand
Felicities by Marriage gain'd.
For nothing else has pow'r to settle
Th' interests of Love perpetual.
An Act and Deed that makes one Heart
Become another's Counter-part,
And passes Fines on Faith and Love,
Inroll'd and Registred above,
To seal the slippery knot of Vows,
Which nothing else but Death can loose.

And

And what Security's too strong
 To guard that gentle Heart from wrong,
 That to its Friend is glad to pass
 Itself away, and all it has;
 And, like an Anchorite, gives over
 This World, for th' Heaven of a Lover.

I grant (quoth she) there are some few
 Who take that course, and find it true:
 But Millions, whom the same does sentence
 To Heaven b' another way, Repentance,
 Love's Arrows are but shot at Rovers;
 Though all they hit they turn to Lovers.
 And all the weighty consequents
 Depend upon more blind events
 Than Gamblers, when they play a Set
 With greatest cunning at Piquet,
 Put out with caution, but take in
 They know not what, unlight-unseen.

For what doe Lovers, when th^e are fast
 In one another's Arms embrac't,
 But strive to plunder, and convey
 Each other, like a Prize, away?
 To change the property of selves,
 As sucking Children are by Elves?
 And if they use their Persons so,
 What will they to their Fortunes doe?
 Their Fortunes! the perpetual aims
 Of all their Ecstasies and Flames.
 For when the Money's on the Book,
 And All my Worldly Goods—but spoke;
 (The Formal Livery and Seisin
 That puts a Lover in possession)
 To that alone the Bridegroom's wedded,
 The Bride a Flam that's superseded,
 To that their Faith is still made good,
 And all the Oaths to us they vow'd,
 For when we once resign our Pow'rs,
 W^e have nothing left we can call ours.

Our Money's now became the Mist,
 Of all your Lives and Services;
 And we forsaken, and Post-pon'd,
 But Bawds to what before we own'd.
 Which as it made y' at first Gallant us,
 So now hires others to supplant us,
 Until 'tis all turn'd out of doors,
 (As we had been) for new Amours.
 For what did ever Heiress yet
 By being born to Lordships get?
 When the more Ladie sh^r is of Mannors,
 The more but expos'd to more Trepanners,
 Pay for their Projects and Designs,
 And for her own destruction Fines,
 And does but tempt them with her Riches,
 To use her as the Dev'l does Witches;
 Who takes it for a special Grace,
 To be their Cully for a space,
 But, when the time's expir'd, the Drazels
 For ever may become his Vassals.

So she, bewitch'd by Rooks and Spirits,
 Betrays her self, and all she inherits
 Is bought and sold, like stolen Goods,
 By Pimps, and Match-makers, and Bands;
 Until they force her to convey,
 And steal the Thief himself away.
 These are the everlasting Fruits
 Of all your passionate Love-suits,
 Th' effects of all your amorous Fancies
 To Portions and Inheritances,
 Your Love-sick Raptures for Fruition
 Of Dowry, Jointure, and Tution;
 To which you make Address and Courtship
 And with your Bodies strive to Worship
 That th' Infant's Fortunes may partake
 Of Love too for the Mother's sake.
 For these, you play at Purposet,
 And love your Loves with A's and B's
 For these, at Beasts and L'hombre modes,
 And play for Love and Money too;

Strive who shall be the ablest Man
 At right Gallanting of a Fan,
 And who the most Gentilely bred
 At sucking of a Vizard Bead,
 How best t' accost us in all Quarters
 To our question-and-command New Garters,
 And solidly discourse upon
 All sorts of Dresses Pro and Con.
 For there's no Mystery nor Trade,
 But in the Art of Love is made.
 And when you have more Debts to pay
 Than Michaelmas and Lady-day,
 And no way possible to do't,
 But Love and Oaths and restless Suit,
 To us y' apply, to pay the Scores
 Of all your cully'd past Amours;
 All o're your Flames and Darts again,
 And charge us with your wounds and pain,
 Which others influences long since
 Have charm'd your Noses with, and Shins;

For which the Surgeon is unpaid,
 And like to be, without our aid.
 Lord! what an Amorous thing is Want!
 How Debts and Mortgages inchant!
 What Graces must that Lady have,
 That save from Executions save!
 What Charms, that can reverse Extent,
 And null Decree and Exigent!
 What Magical Attraction and Graces,
 That can redeem from Scire facias,
 From Bonds and Statutes can discharge,
 And from Contempts of Courts inlarge!
 These are the highest Excellencies
 Of all our true or false Pretences,
 And you would damn yourselves, and swear
 As much to an Hostess Dowager,
 Grown fat and purfy by Retail
 Of Pots of Beer, and Battled Ale;
 And find her fitter for your turn,
 For Fat is wondrous apt to burn;

Who at your Flames would soon take Fire, shall
 Relent, and melt to your desire,
 And, like a Candle in the Socket,
 Dissolve her Graces into your Pocket;
 By this time 'twas grown dark and late,
 When th' heard a knocking at the Gate,
 Laid on in haste with such a powder,
 The blows grew louder still and louder.
 Which Hudibras, as if th' had been
 Bestow'd as freely on his Skin,
 Expounding by his inward Light,
 Or rather more Prophetick fright,
 To be the Wisard, come to search,
 And take him napping in the lurch,
 Turn'd pale as Ashes, or a Clout;
 But why, or wherefore, is a doubt;
 For Men will tremble, and turn pale,
 With too much, or too little Valour.

His

His Heart laid on, as if it try'd
 To force a passage through his side,
 Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait 'em,
 But in a Fury to fly at 'em;
 And therefore beat, and laid about,
 To find a cranny to creep out.
 But she, who saw in what a taking
 The Knight was by his furious Quaking,
 Undaunted, cry'd, *Courage, Sir Knight,*
Know I'm resolv'd to break no Rite
Of Hospitality t' a Stranger,
But to secure you out of danger,
Will here my self stand Sentinel,
To guard this Pass 'gainst Sidrophel.
Women, you know, do seldom fail
To make the stoutest Men turn tail;
And bravely scorn to turn their Backs,
Upon the desperat'st Attacks.

At this the Knight grew resolute
 As *Iron-side* or *Hardy-knute*;
 His fortitude began to rally,
 And out he cry'd aloud, to rally,
 But she besought him to convey
 His Courage rather out o'th way,
 And lodge in Ambush on the Floor,
 Or fortifi'd behind a Door,
 That if the Enemy should enter,
 He might relieve her in th' Adventure.

Mean while, they knock'd against the Door,
 As fierce as at the Gate before;
 Which made the Renegado Knight
 Relapse again t' his former fright.
 He thought it desperate to stay
 Till th' Enemy had forc'd his way,
 But rather post himself, to serve
 The Lady, for a fresh Reserve.

His

His Duty was not to dispute,
But what sh' had order'd execute :
Which he resolv'd in haste t' obey,
And therefore stoutly march'd away ;
And all h' encountred fell upon,
Though in the dark, and all alone.
Till Fear, that braver Feats performs
Than ever Courage dar'd in Arms,
Had drawn him up before a Pass,
To stand upon his Guard, and face
This he courageously invaded,
And having enter'd, *Barricado'd* ;
Inscenc'd himself as formidable
As could be underneath a Table ;
Where he lay down in Ambush close,
T' expect the arrival of his Foes.
Few minutes had he lain perdue,
To guard his desperate Avenue,
Before he heard a dreadful shout,
As loud as putting to the Rout ;

all

With

With which impatiently alarm'd,
 He saw'd th' Enemy had storm'd,
 And after entering *Sidropel*
 Was fall'n upon the Guards pell-mell.
 He therefore sent out all his Senses,
 To bring him in Intelligences,
 Which Vulgars, out of ignorance,
 Mistake for falling in a Trance;
 But those that trade in *Germany*,
 Affirm to be the strength of Fancy:
 In which the *Laplanti-Magi* deal,
 And things incredible reveal.
 Mean while the Foe beat up his Quarters,
 And storm'd the Out-works of his Fortrefs.
 And as another of the same
 Degree, and Party, in Arms and Fame,
 That in the same Cause had engag'd,
 And War with equal conduct wag'd,
 By vent'ring onely but to thrust
 His Head a Span beyond his Post,

Clapp'd in a trice his cloven Hoof,
And thus attack'd him with Reproof.
Mortal, thou art betray'd to us
By our Friend, thy evil Genius,
Who for thy horrid Perjuries,
Thy Breach of Faith, and tarning Lies,
The Brethrens Privilege (against
The Wicked) on themselves, the Saints,
Has here thy wretched Carcass sent
For just Revenge and punishment;
Which thou hast now no way to lessen,
But by an open, free Confession.
For if we catch thee failing once,
Twill fall the heavier on thy Bones,
What madesthee venture to betray,
And filch the Ladie's Heart away?
To Spirit her to Matrimony----?
That which contracts all Matches, Money.
It was th' enchantment of her Riches,
That made me apply v' your Croncy Wishes:

That

That in return would pay th' expence, as biggall
 The Wear and tear of Conscience;
 Which I could have patch'd up, and turn'd,
 For th' hundredth part of what I earn'd.
 Didst thou not love her then & speak true,
 No more (quoth he.) than I love you.
 How wouldst th' have us'd her, and her Money
 First, turn'd her up to Alimony,
 And laid her Dowry out in Law,
 To null her Jointure with a Flaw,
 Which I before-hand had agreed
 T' have put, of purpose, in the Deed;
 And bar her Widow's-making over
 T' a Friend in Trust, or private Loner,
 What made thee pick and chuse her out,
 T' imploy their Sorceries about;
 That which makes Gamesters play with those
 Who have least Wit, and most to lose,
 But didst thou scourge thy Vessel thus,
 As thou hast damn'd thy self to us?

I see you take me for an As: *As* that speaks of it
'Tis true, I thought the Trick would pass
Upon a Woman well enough,
As 't has been often found by Proof;
Whose Humours are not to be won
But when they are impos'd upon:
For Love approves of all they doe
That stand for Candidates, and wooe.
Why didst thou forge those shameful Lies,
Of Bears and Witches in Disguise?
That is no more than Authors give
The Rabble credit to Believe;
A Trick of Following their Leaders,
To entertain their Gentle Readers.
And we have now no other way
Of passing all we doe or say:
Which when 'tis natural and true,
Will be believ'd by a very few.
Beside the danger of offence,
The fatal enemy of Sense.

E

Why

Why didst thou chuse that cursed Sin,
Hypocrisie, to set up in;
Because it is the thrivingst calling,
The onely Saints-Bell that rings all in,
In which all Churches are concern'd,
And is the easiest to be learn'd.
For no degrees, unless th' imploy't,
Can ever gain much, or enjoy't.
A Gift that is not onely able
To domineer among the Rubble,
But by the Law's impow'r'd to rout
And aw the greatest that stand out.
Which few hold forth against, for fear
Their hands should slip, and come too near.
For no Sin else among the Saints
Is taught so tenderly against.
What made thee break thy Plighted Vow?
That which makes others break a House,
And hang, and scorn ye all, before
Endure the Plague of being poor.

Quoth he, I see you have more Tricks
 Than all our doting Politicks,
 That are grown old, and out of Fashion,
 Compar'd with your new Reformation:
 That we must come to School to you,
 To learn your more refin'd, and New.
 Quoth he, If you will give me leave
 To tell you what I now perceive,
 You'd find your self an arrant Chouse,
 If j' were but at a Meeting-House.
 'Tis true, Quoth he, we ne'r come there,
 Because w' have let them out by th' year.
 Truly, quoth he, you can't imagine
 What wondrous things they will engage in:
 That as your Fellow-Friends in Hell
 Were Angels all before they fell;
 So you are like to be agen
 Compar'd with th' Angels of us Men.
 Quoth he, I am resolv'd to be
 Thy Scholar in this Mystery;

And therefore first desire to know
Some Principles on which you go.
What makes a Knave a Child of God,
And one of us? — A Livelihood.
What renders Beating out of Brains
And Murther Godliness? — Great Gains.
What's tender Conscience? — 'Tis a Botch
That will not bear the gentlest touch,
But breaking out, dispatches more
Than th' Epidemicalst Plague-fore.
What makes y' encroach upon our Trade,
And damn all others? — To be paid.
What's Orthodox and true Believing
Against a Conscience? — A good Living.
What makes Rebelling against Kings
A Good Old Cause? Administrings.
What makes all Doctrines plain and clear?
About Two hundred pounds a year.
And that which was prov'd true before,
Prove false again? Two hundred more.

What

What makes the Breaking of all Oaths
 A holy Duty ? Food and Cloaths.
 What Laws and Freedom, Persecution ?
 Bring out of Pow'r, and Contribution.
 What makes a Church a Den of Thieves ?
 A Dean and Chapter, and White Sleeves.
 And what would serve, if those were gone
 To make it Orthodox ? Our own.
 What makes Morality a Crime,
 The most notorious of the Time ?
 Morality, which both the Saints
 And Wicked too cry out against ?
 Cause Grace and Vertue are within
 Prohibited Degrees of Kin ;
 And therefore no true Saint allows
 They should be suffer'd to esponse.
 For Saints can need no Conscience
 That with Morality dispense ;
 As Vertue's impious, when 'tis rooted
 In nature onely, and not imputed.

*But why the Wicked should do so,
We neither know, nor care to do.
What's Liberty of Conscience,
I th' Natural and Genuine Sense?
'Tis to restore with more security
Rebellion to its ancient Purity;
And Christian Liberty reduce
To th' elder Practice of the Jews.
For a Large Conscience is all one,
And signifies the same with None.*

*It is enough (quoth he) for once,
And has repriev'd thy forfeit Bones,
Nick Machiavel had ne'r a Trick,
(Though he gave's Name to our Old Nick)
But was below the least of these,
That pass i' th' World for Holiness.*

*This said, the Furies and the Light
In th' instant vanish'd out of sight;*

. And

And left him in the dark alone,
With stinks of Brimstone, and his own.

The *Queen of Night*, whose large Command
Rules all the Sea and half the Land,
And over moist and crazy Brains
In high Spring-tides at Midnight reigns,
Was now declining to the West,
To go to Bed and take her rest.
When *Hudibras*, whose stubborn Blows
Deny'd his Bones that soft repose,
Lay still expecting worse and more,
Stretch'd out at length upon the Floor;
And though he shut his Eyes as fast
As if h' had been to sleep his last,
Saw all the Shapes that Fear or Wizards
Do make the Devil wear for Vizards,
And pricking up his Ears, to hark
If he could hear too in the dark,

Was first invaded with a Groan,
And after, in a feeble Tone,
These trembling words. *Unhappy Wretch!*
What hast thou gotten by this Fetch?
Or all thy Tricks in this New Trade,
The Holy Brotherhood o' th' Blade?
By Santring still on some Adventure,
And growing to thy Horse a Centaur,
To stuff thy Skin with swelling Knobs
Of cruel and hard-wooded Drubs?
For still th' hast had the worst on't yet,
As well in Conquest as defeat.
Night is the Sabbath of Mankind,
To rest the Body and the Mind:
Which now thou art deni'd to keep,
And cure thy labour'd Corps with Sleep.
The Knight, who heard the words, explain'd
As meant to him this Reprimand,
Because the Character did hit
Point-blank upon his Case so fit;

Believ'd

Believ'd it was some drolling Sprite
 That staid upon the Guards that Night,
 And one of those h' had seen, and felt
 The Drubs he had so freely dealt.
 When, after a short Pause and Grone,
 The dolefull Spirit thus went on.
This 'tis t' ingage with Dogs and Bears
Pelmell together by the Ears;
And after painfull Bangs and Knocks,
To liē in Limbo in the Stocks;
And from the Pinnacle of Glory,
Fall headlong into Purgatory:
 (Thought he, This Devil's full of Malice,
 That on my late Disasters Rallies.)
 Condemn'd to Whipping, but declin'd it,
 By being more Heroick-minded;
 And at a Riding handled worse,
 With Treats more slovenly and course;
 Ingag'd with Friends in stubborn Wars,
 And hot Disputes with Conjurers;

And

*And when th' badst bravely won the day,
Wast fain to steal thy self away.*

(I see, thought he, this shameless Elf
Would fain steal me too from my self,
That impudently dares to own
What I have suffer'd for and done :)

*And now but vent'ring to betray,
Hast met with Vengeance the same way.*

Thought he, How does the Devil know
What 'twas that I design'd to do ?

His Office of Intelligence,

His Oracles' are ceas'd long since :

And he knows nothing of the Saints,
But what some treacherous Spy acquaints.

This is some Pettifogging Fiend,
Some Under-Door-keeper's Friend's Friend,

That undertakes to understand,
And juggles at the Second hand ;

And now would pass for *Spirit Po,*

And all mens dark Concerns fore-know.

I think

I think I need not fear him for't:
These Rallying Devils do no hurt.
With that he rouz'd his drooping Heart,
And hastily cry'd out, *What art?*
A Wretch (quoth he) *whom want of Grace*
Has brought to this unhappy place.
I do believe thee, quoth the Knight,
Thus far I'm sure th' art in the Right;
And know what 'tis that troubles thee,
Better than thou hast guess'd of me.
Thou art some paltry Black-guard Sprite,
Condemn'd to Drudg'ry in the Night,
That hast no work to do in th' House,
Nor Half-penny to drop in Shoes:
Without the raising of which Sum,
You dare not be so troublesome,
To pinch the Slatterns black and blue,
For leaving you their Work to do.
This is your business, good Pug Robin,
And your Diversion dull Dry Bobbing;

Tin.

T'intice Fanaticks in the Dirt,
 And wash em clean in Ditches for't.
 Of which conceits you are so proud,
 At ev'ry Jest you laugh aloud.
 As now you would have done by me,
 But that I barr'd your Rallery,

Sir, (quoth the Voice) y' are no such Sophy
 As you would have the World judge of ye,
 If you design to weigh our Talents
 I-th' Standard of your own false Balance,
 Or think it possible to know
 Us Ghosts as well as we do you :
 We, who have been the everlasting
 Companions of your Drubs and Basting,
 And never left you in Contest
 With Male or Female, Man or Beast,
 But prov'd as true t' ye and intire
 In all adventures as your Squire,

Quoth

Quoth he, That may be said as true
By th' idlest Pug of all your Crew:
For none could have betray'd us worse
Than those Allies of ours and yours.
But I have sent him for a Token
To your Low-Country Hogen Mogen,
To whose Infernal Shores I hope
He'll swing like Skippers in a Rope.
And if x' have been more just to me
(As I am apt to think) than he,
I am afraid it is as true,
What th' Ill-affected say of you,
I have 'spons'd the Covenant and Cause,
By holding up your Cloven Paws.
Sir, quoth the Voice, 'tis true, I grant,
We made and took the Covenant.
But that no more concerns the Cause,
Then other Perj'ries doe the Laws,
Which when they're prov'd in open Court,
Wear wooden Peccadillo's for't.

And

And that's the Reason Confranters
 Held up their Hands, like Rogues at Bars;
 I see, quoth Hudibras, from whence
 These Scandals of the Saints convenience,
 That are but natural Effects
 Of Satan's Malice, and his Seils,
 Those Spider-Saints, that hang by Threads
 Spun out of th' Entrails of their Heads.
 Sir, quoth the Voice, that may as true
 And properly be said of you;
 Whose Talents may compare with either,
 Or both the other put together,
 For all the Independents do
 Is onely what you forc'd them to.
 You, who are not content alone
 With Tricks to put the Devil down,
 But must have Armies rais'd, to back
 The Gospel-work you undertake:
 As if Artillery, and Edge-tools
 Were th' onely Engines to save Souls.

While

While He, poor Devil, has no pow'r
By force to run down and devour;
Has ne'r a Classis, cannot sentence
To Stools or Poundage of Repentance;
Is t' d up onely to Design,
T Intice, and Tempt, and Undermine:
In which you all his Arts out-do,
And prove your selves his Betters too.
Hence 'tis Possessions do less evil
Than mere Temptations of the Devil,
Which all the horrid'st Actions done,
Are charg'd in Courts of Law upon;
Because unless you help the Elf,
He can do little of himself:
And therefore where he's best Possess'd,
Acts most against his Interest;
Surprises none but those wh' have Priests
To turn him out, and Exorcists,
Supply'd with Spiritual Provision,
And Magazines of Ammunition,

With

With Crosses, Relicks, Crucifixes,
 Beads, Pictures, Rosaries, and Pixes,
 The Tools of working out Salvation
 By meer Mechanick Operation,
 With Holy Water, like a Sluce,
 To overflow all Avenues.
 But those wh' are utterly unarmed
 To oppose his Entrance if he storm'd,
 He never offers to surprize,
 Although his falsest Enemies;
 But is content to be their Drudge,
 And on their Errands glad to trudge.
 For where are all your Forfeitures
 Intrusted in safe hands, but ours?
 Who are but Jailors of the Holes
 And Dungeons where you clap up Souls;
 Like Under-keepers, turn the Keys
 To your Mittimus Anathemae;
 And never boggle to restore
 The Members you deliver o're

Upon

Upon Demand, with fairer Justice
Than all your Covenanting Trustees:
Unless, to punish them the worse,
You put them in the Secular Pow'rs,
And pass their Souls as some demise
The same Estate in Mortgage twice,
When to a Legal Utlegation
You turn your Excommunication,
And for a Groat unpaid that's due,
Distrain on Soul and Body too.

Thought he, 'Tis no mean part of civil
State-prudence to cajoul the Devil,
And not to handle him too rough,
When h' has us in his cloven Hoof,
In true, quoth he, that intercourse
Has past between your Friends and ours;
That as you trust us in our way,
To raise your Members, and to lay,

F

We

We send you others of our own,
Denounc'd to Hang themselves or Drown,
Or, frighted with our Oratory,
To leap down headlong many a story;
Have us'd all means to propagate
Your mighty interests of State,
Laid out our Spiritual Gifts to further
Your great designs of Rage and Murther.
For if the Saints are nam'd from Blood,
We onel' have made that Title good:
And if it were but in our power,
We should not scruple to do more,
And not be half a Soul behind
Of all Dissenters of Mankind.
Right, quoth the Voice, and as I scorn
To be ungratefull in return
Of all those kind good Offices,
I'll free you out of this Distress,
And set you down in safety, where,
It is no time to tell you here.

The Cock crows and the Morn draws on,
 When 'tis decreed I must be gone:
 And if I leave you here till day,
 You'll find it hard to get away.
 With that the Spirit grop'd about,
 To find th' enchanted Hero out,
 And try'd with haste to lift him up;
 But found his *Forlorn Hope*, his *Croop*,
 Unserviceable with Kicks and Blows
 Receiv'd from hardned-hearted Foes.
 He thought to drag him by the Heels,
 Like *Gresham* Carts, with Legs for Wheels.
 But Fear, that soonest cures those Sores,
 In danger of Relapse to worse,
 Came in to assist him with its Aid,
 And up his sinking Vessel weigh'd.
 No sooner was he fit to trudge,
 But both made ready to dislodge.
 The Spirit hors'd him like a Sack,
 Upon the *Vehicle*, his Back,

Th

And bore him headlong into th' Hall,
With some few Rubs against the Wall:
Where finding out the Postern lock'd,
And th' *Avenues* as strongly block'd,
H' attack'd the Window, storm'd the Glafs,
And in a moment gain'd the Pass,
Through which he dragg'd the worsted Soule
Fore-quarters out by th' Head and Shoulders,
And cautiously began to scout,
To find their Fellow-Cattel out.
Nor was it half a Minute's Quest,
E're he retriev'd the Champion's Beast,
Ty'd to a Pale in stead of Rack,
But ne'r a Saddle on his Back,
Nor Pistols at the Saddle-bow,
Convey'd away the Lord knows how.
He thought it was no time to stay,
And let the Night too steal away,
But in a trice advanc'd the Knight
Upon the *Bare Ridge* bolt upright.

And groping out for *Ralpho's* Jade,
He found the Saddle too was straid,
And in the place a Lump of Sope,
On which he Speedily leap'd up ;
And turning to the Gate the Rein,
He Kick'd and Cudgell'd on amain.
While *Hudibras*, with equal haste,
On both sides laid about as fast,
And spurr'd as *Jockies* use, to break,
Or *Padders*, to secure a Neck.
Where let us leave them for a time,
And to their *Churches* turn our *Rhyme* ;
To hold forth their declining State,
Which now come near an Even Rate.

THE ARGUMENT
OF THE
SECOND CANTO

Of the Third Part.

*The Saints engage in fierce Contests
About their Carnal Interests;
To share their Sacrilegious Preys,
According to their Rates of Grace;
Their various Frenzies to Reform,
When Cromwel left them in a Storm;
Till, in th' Effigie of RUMPS, the Rabble
Burns all their Grandees of the Cabal.*

CANTO II.

THE Learned write, *An Insect Breeze*
Is but a Mungrel Prince of Bees,
That falls, before a Storm, on Cows,
And stings the Founders of his House;
From whose corrupted Flesh that Breed
Of Vermin did at first proceed.

So, e'r the Storm of War broke out,
 Religion spawn'd a various Rout,
 Of Petulant Capricious Sects,
 The Maggots of Corrupted Texts,
 That first run all Religion down,
 And after every Swarm its own.
 For as the *Persian Magi* once
 Upon their *Mothers* got their *Sons*,
 Who were incapable t' injoy
 That Empire any other way :
 So *Presbyter* begot the other
 Upon the *Good Old Cause*, his Mother,
 That bore them like the Devil's Dam,
 Whose *Son* and *Husband* are the same.
 And yet no nat'ral Tie of Blood,
 Nor Intr'est for their common good,
 Could, when their Profits interfear'd,
 Get Quater for each others Beard.
 For when they thriv'd, they never fadg'd,
 But onely by the ears engag'd :

Like Dogs that snarl about a Bone,
And play together when th' have none.
As by their truest Characters,
Their constant Actions, plainly appears.

Rebellion now began for lack
Of Zeal and Plunder to grow slack ;
The Cause and Covenant to lessen,
And Providence to b' out of Season :
For now there was no more to purchase,
O' th' Kings Revenue and the Church's,
But all divided, shar'd and gone,
That us'd to urge the Brethren on.
Which forc'd the Stubborn'st for the Cause
To cross the Cudgels to the Laws ;
That what by breaking them 't had gain'd,
By their Support might be maintain'd :
Like Thieves, that in a *Hemp-plot* lie,
Secur'd against the *Hue-and-Cry*.

For *Presbyter* and *Independent*,
Were now turn'd *Plaintiff* *Defendant*,
Laid out their *Apostolick* *Functions*
On *Carnal Orders* and *Injunctions*,
And all their *Precious Gifts* and *Graces*
On *Out-lawries*, and *Scire facias*;
At *Michael's Term* had many a *Trial*,
Worse than the *Dragon* and *St. Michael*,
Where thousands fell, in shape of *Fees*,
Into the *Bottomless Abyss*.

For when like *Brethren* and *Friends*,
They came to share their *Dividends*,
And ev'ry *Partner* to possess
His *Church* and *State Joynt-Purchases*,
In which the *Ablest Saint* and *Best*
Was nam'd in *Trust* by all the rest,
To pay their *Money*; and, instead
Of ev'ry *Brother*, pass the *Deed*;
He straight converted all his *Gifts*
To *pious Frauds* and *holy Shifts*,

And

And settled all the others Shares
Upon his *outward Man* and's *Hairs* ;
Held all they claim'd as Forfeit Lands,
Deliver'd up into his hands,
And past upon his Conscience,
By *Pre-intail of Providence* ;
Impeach'd the rest for Reprobates,
That had no Titles to Estates,
But by their Spiritual Attaints
Degraded from the Right of Saints.
This being reveal'd, they now begun
With Law and Conscience to fall on ;
And laid about as hot and Brain-sick
As th' *Utter Barrister of Swanwick* ;
Ingag'd with Money-bags, as bold
As men with Sand-bags did of old ;
That brought the Lawyers in more Fees,
Than all unsanctified Trustees :
Till he who had no more to show
I th' Case, receiv'd the overthrow ;

b7A

Or

Or both sides having had the worst,
They parted as they met at first.

Poor *Presbyter* was now Reduc'd,
Secluded, and Cashier'd, and Chews'd,
Turn'd out and Excommunicate
From all Affairs of Church and State,
Reform'd t' a Reformado Saint,
And glad to turn Itinerant,
To strowl and teach from Town to Town,
And those he had taught up Teach down,
And make those Uses serve agen
Against the New-inlight'ned men,
As fit as when at first they were
Reveal'd against the *Cavalier* ;
Damn *Anabaptist* and *Fanatick*,
As pat as *Popish* and *Prelatick* ;
And with as little variation,
To serve for any Sect i' th' Nation.

The *Good Old Cause*, which some believe
 To be the *Dev'l* that tempted *Eve*
 With Knowledge, and does still invite
 The World to Mischief with New Light,
 Had store of Money in her Purse,
 When he took her for *bett'r or worse* ;
 But now was grown Deform'd and Poor,
 And fit to be turn'd out of Door.

The *Independents* (whose first station
 Was in the *Rere of Reformation*,
 A Mungrel kind of *Church-Dragoons*,
 That serv'd for Horse and Foot at once,
 And in the Saddle of one Steed
 The *Saracen* and *Christian* rid,
 Were Free of ev'ry Spiritual Order,
 To *Preach*, and *Fight*, and *Pray*, and *Murther*)
 No sooner got the Start to lurch
 Both Disciplines, of *War* and *Church*,

And

And Providence enough to run
The chief Commanders of 'em down,
But carried on the War against
The Common Enemy o' th' Saints;
And in a while prevail'd so far,
To win of them the Game of War,
And be at Liberty once more,
T Attack themselves as th' had before.

For now there was no Foe in Arms,
T unite their Factions with Alarms,
But all reduc'd and overcome,
Except their worst, *themselves at home*,
Wh' had compast all they Praid, and Swore,
And Fought, and Preach'd, and Plunder'd for,
Subdu'd the Nation, Church and State,
And all things but their *Laws and Hate*,
But when they came to treat and transact,
And share the spoils of all th' had ransackt,

To

To Botch up what th' had torn and rent,
Religion and the Government,
They met no sooner, but prepar'd
To pull down all the War had spar'd;
Agreed in nothing but t' *Abolish,*
Subvert, Extirpate, and Demolish.
For Knaves and Fools b'ing near of Kin,
As *Dutch-Boors* are t' a *Sooterkin,*
Both Parties joyn'd to do their best,
To Damn the Publick Interest;
And Hearded onely in Consults
To put by one anothers Bolts,
T' out-cant the *Babylonian* Labourers,
At all their *Dialects* of Jabberers,
And tug at both ends of the Saw,
To tear down Government and Law.
For, as two Cheats, that play one Game,
Are both defeated of their Aim:
So those who play a *Game of State,*
And onely *Cavil* in Debate,

Although

Although there's nothing lost nor won,
The Publick Business is undone,
Which still the longer 'tis in doing,
Becomes the surer way to Ruine.
This when the *Royalists* perceiv'd,
(Who to their Faith as firmly cleav'd,
And own'd the Right they had paid down
So dearly for, *The Church and Crown,*)
Th' united constant, and Sided
The more, the more their Foes divided.
For though out-number'd, overthrown,
And by the Fate of War run down;
Their Duty never was defeated;
Nor from their Oaths and Faith retreated.
For Loyalty is still the same,
Whether it win or lose the Game;
True as a Dial to the Sun,
Although it be not shin'd upon.
But when these Bretheren in evil,
Their *Adversaries* and the Devil,

Began

Began once more to shew them Play,
 And hopes, at least, to have a day,
 They rallied in Parades of Woods,
 And unfrequented Solitudes,
 Conven'd at Midnight in Out-houses,
 To appoint *New-rising Rendezvous*,
 And with a Pertinacy unmatch'd
 For new Recruits of Danger watch'd;
 No sooner was one Blow diverted,
 But up another Party started.
 And, as if Nature too in haste,
 To furnish out Supplies as fast,
 Before her time had turn'd Destruction
 To a new and numerous Production;
 No sooner those were overcome,
 But up rose others in their Room,
 That, like the Christian Faith, increas'd
 The more, the more they were suppress'd:
 Whom neither *Chains* nor *Transportation*,
Proscription, *Sale*, nor *Confiscation*,

Nor all the desperate events,
 Of former try'd Experiments,
 Nor Wounds could terrifie, nor Mangling
 To leave off *Loyalty* and *Dangling*,
 Nor Death (with all his Bones) affright
 From vent'ring to maintain the Right;
 From staking Life and Fortune down
 'Gainst all together, for the Crown;
 But kept the Title of their Cause
 From *Forfeiture*, like Claims in Laws;
 And prov'd no Prosperous Usurpation
 Can ever settle on the Nation,
 Until, in spight of Force and Treason,
 They put their Loy'ity in Possession;
 And by their Constancy and Faith,
 Destroy'd the Mighty men of *Gash*.
 Toss'd in a furious *Hurricane*,
 Did *Oliver* give up his *Reign*;

And

G

And

And was believ'd, as well by Saints,
 As Moral men and Miscreants,
 To Founder in the Stygian Ferry,
 Until he was retriev'd by *Serry*;
 Who, in a false erroneous Dream,
 Mistook the *New Jerusalem*,
 Prophane, for th' *Apocryphal*,
 False Heaven at the End o' th' Hall;
 Whether it was decreed by Fate,
 His Precious Reliques to Translate
 So *Romulus* was seen before
 B' as Orthodox a *Senator*;
 From whose Divine Illumination
 He stole the Pagan Revelation.

Next him his Son and *Hair Apparent*
 Succeeded, though a *Lame Vicegerent*;
 Who first laid by the *Parliament*,
 The onely *Crutch* on which he leant.

And then Sink underneath the State,
That rode high above *Horseman's Weight*,
And now the Saints began their Reign,
For which th' had yearn'd so long in vain,
And felt such Bowel-Hankerings,
To see an Empire all of Kings,
Deliver'd from th' *Egyptian Awe*
Of Justice, Government, and Law,
And free to erect what *Spiritual Cantons*
Should be reveal'd, or *Gospel Hans-Towns*,
To Edifie upon the Ruines
Of *John of Dryden's* old Out-goings,
Who for a Weather-cock hung up
Upon their *Mother-Churche's Top*,
Was made a Type by Providence
Of all their Revelations since;
And now fulfill'd by his Successors,
Who equally mistook their Measures!

For when they came to shape the *Model*,
 Not one could fit another's Noddle ;
 But found their Light and Gifts more wide
 From Fadging then th' Unsanctifi'd ;
 While ev'ry individual Brother
 Strove hand to fist against another,
 And still the Maddest and most Crackt.
 Were found the Busiest to Transact.
 For though most Hands dispatch apace
 And *make light work*, (the Proverb says)
 Yet many different Intellects
 Are found t' have contrary Effects ;
 And many Heads t' obstruct Intrigues,
 As slowest Insects have most Legs.

Some were for setting up a King,
 But all the rest for no such thing,
 Unless King *Jesús* : Others tamper'd
 For *Fleetwood*, *Desbrough*, and *Lambert* ;

Some for the Ramp, and somemore crafty,
 For *Agitators* and the *Safety*;
 Some for the Gospel, and Massacres
 Of *Spiritual Affidavit-makers*,
 That swore to any Humane Regence
 Oaths of *Supremacy* and *Allegiance*,
 Yea though the Ablest swearing Saint,
 That vouch'd the Bulls o'th' Covenant:
 Others for pulling down the High places
 Of *Synods* and *Provincial Classes*,
 That us'd to make such hostile Inroads
 Upon the Saints, like *Bloudy Nimrod*:
 Some for Fulfilling Prophecies,
 And th' Extirpation of *Excise*;
 And some against th' *Aegyptian Bondage*
 Of *Holy days*, and paying *Poundage*:
 Some for the cutting down of *Groves*,
 And rectifying *Bakers Loaves*;
 And some for finding out *Expedients*
 Against the *Slay'ry* of *Obedience*.

Some were for Gospel Ministers,
 And some for Read-Coat Seculars,
 As men most fit t' hold forth the Word,
 And wield *the one and th' other Sword*.
 Some were for carrying on the Work
 Against the Pope, and some the Turk;
 Some for engaging to suppress
 The Camisado of Surplices,
 The Gifts and Dispensations hinder'd,
 And Turn'd to th' Outward man his hand;
 More proper for the cloudy Night
 Of Popery, than Gospel Light.
 Others were for Abolishing
 That Tool of Matrimony, a Ring;
 With which th' unsanctifi'd Bridegroom
 Is marry'd onely to a Thumb;
 (As wise as Ringing of a Pig,
 That uses to break up Ground and Dig)
 The Bride to nothing but her Will,
 That nulls the After-marriage Will.

Some

Some were for the utter Extermination
 Of *Linsay-Wolsley* in the Nation;
 And some against all Idolizing
 The *Cross* in *Shop-Books*, or *Baptizing*.
 Others, to make all things recant
 The *Christian* or *Servant* of Saint;
 And force all Churches, Streets, and Towns,
 The *Holy Title* to renounce.
 Some against a *Third Estate of Souls*,
 And bringing down the Price of Coals,
 Some for Abolishing Black-pudding,
 And eating nothing with the Blood in
 To abrogate them *Rood* and *Branches*,
 While others were for eating *Haunches*
 Of *Warriors*, and now and then
 The *Flesh of Kings* and *Mighty Men*;
 And some for Breaking of their Bones
 With *Rods of Iron* by *Secret ones*;
 For Thrashing Mountains, and with Spells
 For Hallowing Carriers Packs and Bells.

Things that the *Legend* never heard of,
 But made the Wicked fore-afear'd of,
 The Quacks of Government (who state
 At th' unregarded *Helms of State*,
 And understood, this wild Confusion
 Of fatal Madness and Delusion,
 Must, sooner than a Prodigie,
 Portend Destruction to be nigh)
 Consider'd timely, how to withdraw
 And save their Wind-pipes from the Law:
 For one *Rencontre* at the Bar
 Was worse than all th' had scap'd in War:
 And therefore met in Consultation,
 To *Cant* and *Quack* upon the Nation;
 Not for the sickly Patient's sake,
 Nor what to give, but what to take,
 To feel the Pulses of their Fees,
 More wise than fumbling Arteries,
 Prolong the Snuff of Life in Pain,
 And from the Grave recover—*Gain*.

Among these there was a *Politician*,
With more Heads than a *Beast in vision*,
And more Intrigues in ev'ry one
Then all the *Whores of Babylon*
So politick, as if one eye
Upon the other were a Spy;
That to trapan the one to think
The other Blind, both strove to blink;
And in his dark Pragmatick way
As busie as a Child at Play.
If had seen three Governments Run
And had a hand in ev'ry one,
Was for 'em and against 'em all,
But Bar'rous when they came to fall:
For by *Trapanning* the old to Ruine,
He made his Int'rest with the New ones;
Plaid true and faithful, though against
His Conscience and was still advanced.
For by the Witch-craft of Rebellion
Transform'd t' a feeble *State-Camelion*,

By

By giving aim from side to side,
 He never fail'd to save his Tide,
 But got the Start of ev'ry State,
 And at a Change ne'r came too late:
 Could turn his Word, and Oath, and Ope,
 As many ways as in a Lath;
 By turning, wriggle, like a Screw,
 Int' highest Trust, and out for New,
 For when h' had happily incurred,
 In stead of Hemp, to be prefer'd,
 And past upon a Government,
 He play'd his trick and out he went:
 But being out, and out of hopes
 To mount his Ladder (more) of Ropes,
 Would strive to raise himself upon
 The Publick Ruine and his own.
 So little did he understand
 The desperate Feats he took in hand,
 For when h' had got himself a Name
 For Fraud and Tricks, he spoil'd his Game.

Had

Had forc'd his Neck into a Nooze,
 To shew his play at *Fast and Loose*,
 And when he chanc'd to escape, mistook
 For Art and Subtlety, his Luck
 So right his Judgment was cut off,
 And made a *Tally* to his *Wit*,
 And both together most profound
 At Deeds of Darkness under Ground
 As th' Earth is cast and undermind
 By Vermin Impotent and Blind
 By all these Arts, and many more
 H' had practis'd long and much before,
 Our *State-Artificer* foresaw
 Which way the World began to draw
 For as *Old Sinners* have all Points,
 O' th' Compass in their Bones and Joints,
 Can by their Pangs and Aches find
 All Turns and Changes of the Wind,

And

And better then by *Napier's Bones*,
 Feel in their own the Age of Moons:
 So guilty Sinners in a State
 Can by their Crimes prognosticate,
 And in their Consciences feel Pain
 Some days before a Show'r of Rain.
 He therefore wisely cast about
 All ways he could, to *insure his Threat*,
 And hither came to observe and smoke
 What Courses other Riskers took,
 And to the utmost doe his best
 To Save himself, and Hang the rest.

To match this Saint, there was another,
 As busie and perverse a Brother,
 An Haberdasher of Small-wares
 In Politicks and State Affairs,
 More Jew then *Rabbi Achitophel*,
 And better gifted to Rebel:

For when h' had taught his Tribe to Souse
The Cause, aloft, upon one House,
He scorn'd to set his own in Order;
But try'd another, and went further;
So fully addicted still
To's onely Principle, *his Will*,
That whatsoe'r it chanc'd to prove,
No force of Argument could move,
Nor *Law*, nor *Cavalcade of Ho'born*,
Could render half a grain less stubborn,
For he at any time would hang,
For th' opportunity t' *harangue*,
And rather on a Gibbet dangle,
Then miss his dear delight, to wrangle:
In which his Parts were so accomplisht,
That, right or wrong, he ne'r was non-plust;
But still his Tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it bore, with greater ease,
And with its Everlasting Clack
Set all mens Ears upon the Rack

No

No sooner could al hint appear, but 't' he rose to
 But up he started to Pickering, alone, and all
 And made the stoutest yield to mercy, most all
 When he engag'd in *Controversie*, not by
 Not by the force of Carnal Reason,
 But indefatigable Teazing;
 With Volleys of eternal Babble,
 And Clamour more unanswerable.
 For though his *Topics*, frail and weak,
 Could near amount above a Freak:
 He still maintain'd 'em, like his Faults,
 Against the desperate Assaults;
 And back'd their feeble want of Sense
 With greater Heat and Confidence:
 As Bones of *Hissors* when they differ,
 The more th' are *Cindg'd*, grow the *Smifer*.
 Yet when his Profit moderat'd,
 The fury of his Heat abat'd:
 For nothing but his Interest
 Could lay his Devil of Conscience

It was his *Choice*, or *Chance*, or *Conscience* that
 T espouse the Cause for *Better or Surfer*,
 And with his worldly *Goods and Wit*,
 And *Soul*, and *Body*, worshipp'd it;
 But when he found the fallen *Traper*
 Possess'd with th' *Devil Worms*, and *Chaps*,
 The *Trojan Mare* in *Fole* with *Greeke*,
 Not half so full of *Jadish Tricks*,
 Though *Squeamish* in her outward *Woman*,
 As loose and rampant as *Dol common*,
 He still resolv'd to mend the matter,
 To adhere and cleave the obstinate,
 And still the skittish and looser
 Her *Freaks* appear'd, to sit the closer
 For *Fools* are *stubborn in their ways*,
 As *Coins* are *hardned by th' Alloy*:
 And *Obstinacy* 's ne'r so *stiff*,
 As when 'tis in a *wrong Belief*.

These

These two, with others, being met,
And close in Consultation set;
After a discontented pause,
And not without sufficient cause,
The Oratour we mention'd late,
Less troubled with the pangs of State,
Then with his own impatience,
To give himself first Audience,
After he had a while look'd wise,
At last broke silence, and the *Ice*.

Quoth he, *There's nothing makes me doubt*
Our last Out-goings brought about,
More then to see the Characters
Of real Jealousies and Fears,
Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid,
Scor'd upon ev'ry Member's Fore-head,
Who, 'cause the Clouds are drawn together,
And threaten sudden change of Weather,

CANTO II. 111

Fed Pangs and Aches of State-turns,
 And Revolutions in their Corns ;
 And, since our Workings-out are crost,
 Throw up the Cause before tis' lost.
 Was it to run away, we meant,
 When, takeing of the Covenant,
 The lamest Cripples of the Brothers
 Took Oaths, to run before all others ;
 But, in their own sense, onely swore
 To strive to run away before ?
 And now would prove, the Words and Oath
 Injage us to renounce them both ?
 'Tis true, the Cause is in the lurch,
 Between a right and Mangrel Church,
 The Presbyter and Independent,
 That stickle which shall make an end on't :
 And 'twas made out to us the last
 Expedient, — (I mean, Margret's Fast)
 When Providence had been suborn'd,
 What answer was to be return'd.

H

Else

Else why should Tumults fright us now,
We have so many times gone through,
And understand as well to tame,
As, when they serve our turns, t' inflame?
Have prov'd how inconsiderable
Are all Engagements of the Rabble,
Whose Frenzies must be reconcil'd
With Drums and Rattles like a Child;
But never prov'd so prosperous,
As when they were led on by us.
For all our Scouring of Religion
Began with Tumults and Sedition;
When Hurricanes of fierce Commotion
Became strong Motives to Devotion;
(As Carnal Sea-men in a Storm
Turn pious Converts, and reform;)
When rusty Weapons with chalk'd Edges
Maintain'd our feeble Priviledges,
And brown Bills levied in the City
Made Bills to pass the Grand Committee;

When

When Zeal with aged Clubs and Goggles
 Gave chase to Rockets and White Sleeves;
 And made the Church and State and Law
 Submit t' old Iron and the Cause,
 And as we thriv'd by Tumults then;
 So might we better now agree,
 If we know how, as then we did,
 To use them rightly in our need.
 Tumults by which the Malignous
 Betray themselves in stead of us;
 The Hollow-hearted Disaffected,
 And Close Malignant are detested;
 Who lay their Lives and Fortunes down,
 For Pledges to secure our own,
 And freely sacrifice their Ears,
 To appease our Jealousies and Fears.
 And yet for all these Providences
 We are offer'd, if we had our senses,
 We idly sit, like stupid Block-heads,
 Our hands committed to our Pockets,

And nothing but our Tongues at large,
 To get the Wretches a discharge.
 Like men condemn'd to Thunderbolts,
 Who, e'r the blow, become meer Dolts;
 Or Fools besotted with their Crimes,
 That know not how to shift betimes,
 And neither have they hearts to stay,
 Nor wit enough to run away.
 Who, if we could resolve on either,
 Might stand, or fall (at least) together :
 No mean nor trivial solaces
 To Partners in extream distress,
 Who use to lessen their Despairs,
 By parting them int' equal shares ;
 As if the more there were to bear,
 They felt the weight the easier ;
 And ev'ry one the gentler hung,
 The more he took his turn among.

But 'tis not come to that as yet,
 If we had Courage left or Wit;
 Who, when our Fate can be no worse,
 Are fitted for the bravest course;
 Have time to Rally, and prepare
 Our last and best defence, Despair;
 Despair, by which the gallantst Feats
 Have been atchiev'd in greatestst streights,
 And horridst dangers safely wav'd,
 By being courageously out-brav'd.
 As Wounds by wider wounds are heal'd,
 And Poisons by themselves expell'd.
 And so they might be now agen,
 If we were, what we should be, Men;
 And not so dully desperate,
 To side against our selves with Fate:
 As Criminals condemn'd to suffer,
 Are blinded first, and then turn'd over.

This comes of Breaking Covenants, to set up
 And setting up Examples of Saints, who had not
 That Fine, like Aldermen, for Grace, under pretence
 To be excus'd the Efficacy, but to set up
 For Spiritual men are too Transcendent,
 That mount their Banks for Independent,
 To hang like Mahomet in th' Air,
 Or St. Ignatius at his Prayer,
 By pure Geometry, and hate
 Dependency on Church or State,
 Disdain the Pedantry of the Letter,
 And since Obedience is better
 (The Scripture says I than Sacrifice,
 Presume the least will suffice,
 And scorn to have the moderate stints
 Prescrib'd their peremptory Hints,
 Or any Opinion, true or false,
 Declar'd as such, in Doctrinals,
 But left at large to make their best on,
 Without being call'd to account or question.

Inter-

*Interpret all the Spleen reveals,
As Whittington explain'd the Bells ;
And bid themselves turn back agen
Lord May'rs of New Jerusalem ;
But look so big and overgrown,
They scorn their Edifiers t' own,
Who taught them all their sprinkling Lessons,
Their Tones and sanctify'd expressions ;
Bestow'd their Gifts upon a Saint,
Like Charity on those that want,
And learn'd th' Apocryphal Bigots,
To inspire themselves with Short-hand Notes :
For which they scorn and hate them worse
Than Dogs and Cats do Songelders.
For who first bred them up to pray,
And teach, the House of Commons way ?
Where had they all their Gifted Phrases,
But from our Calamies and Cases ?*

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Without whose Sprinkling and Sowing,
Who e'r had heard of Nye or Owen?
Their dispensations had been stifled,
But for our Adoniram Bifield,
And had They not begun the War,
Th' had ne'r been Sainted as they are,
For Saints in Peace degenerate,
And dwindle down to Reprobate :
Their Zeal corrupts like standing Water,
In th' Intervals of War and slaughter;
Abates the sharpness of its Edge,
Without the Pow'r of Sacrilege,
And though th' have Tricks to cast their Sins,
As easie as Serpents do their Skins,
That in a while grow out agen,
In Peace they turn meer Carnal men,
And from the most Refin'd of Saints,
As naturally grow Miscreants
As Barnacles turn Soland-Geese,
In th' Islands of the Orcades.

Their

Their Dispensation's but a Ticket,
For their conforming to the Wicked ;
With whom their greatest difference
Lies more in words and shew, than sense
For as the Pope, that keeps the Gate
Of Heaven, wears three Crowns in state ;
So he that keeps the Gate of Hell,
Proud Cerberus, wears three Heads as well ;
And, if the World has any troth,
Some have been Canoniz'd in both,
But that which does them greatest harm,
Their Spiritual Gizzards are too warm,
Which puts the over-heated Sots
In Fever still, like other Goats.
For though the Whore bends Hereticks
With Flames of Fire, like crooked Sticks ;
Our Schismaticks so vastly differ,
Th' hotter th' are they grow the stiffer ;
Still setting off their spiritual goods,
With fierce and pertinacious fowls.

For

For Zeal's a dreadful Tarmagant,
That teaches Saints to tear and rant,
And Independents, to profess
The Doctrine of Dependences;
Turns meek and sneaking Secret ones,
To Ram-heads fierce and bloody Bones;
And not content with endless quarrels
Against the Wicked and their Morals,
The Gibellins, for want of Guelfs,
Divert their rage upon themselves.
For now the War is not between
The Brethren and the Men of sin;
But Saint and Saint, to spill the Blood
Of one another's Brotherhood;
Where neither side can lay pretence
To Liberty of Conscience,
Or zealous suffering for the Cause,
To gain one Groat's-worth of Applause:
For though endur'd with Resolution,
'Twill ne'r amount to Persecution.

Shall

Shall Precious Saints and Secret ones
 Break one another's outward Bones?
 And eat the Flesh of Brethren,
 In stead of Kings and Mighty men?
 When Fiends agree among themselves,
 Shall they be found the greater Elves?
 When Bel's at Union with the Dragon,
 And Baal-Peor Friends with Dagon,
 When Savage Bears agree with Bears,
 Shall Secret ones lag Saints by th' Ears,
 And not alone their fatal wrath,
 When common Danger threatens both?
 Shall Mastiffs by the Collars pull'd,
 Engag'd with Bulls, let go their hold?
 And Saints, whose Necks are pawn'd at stake,
 No notice of the Danger take?
 But though no Pow'r of Heaven or Hell
 Can pacifie Fanatick Zeal;
 Who would not guess there might be hopes,
 The fear of Gallowses and Ropes

Before

Before their Eyes might reconcile
Their Animosities a while ?
At least, until th' had a clear Stage,
And equal Freedom to engage,
Without the danger of Surprise
By both our common Enemies ?

This none but we alone could doubt,
Who understand their Workings-out,
And know 'em both in Soul and Conscience,
Giv'n up & as Reprobate a Non-sense,
As Spiritual Out-laws whom the Pow'r
Of Miracle can ne'r restore.
We, whom at first they set up under,
In Revelation onely of Plunder,
Who since have had so many Trials
Of their encroaching Self-denials,
That rook'd upon us with design
To Out-reform and Undermine ;

Took all our Interests and Commands
Perfidiously out of our hands ;
Involv'd us in the Guilt of Blood,
Without the Motive-gains allow'd,
And made us serve as Ministerial,
Like younger Sons of Father Belial.

And yet for all th' inhumane wrong
Th' had done us and the Cause so long,
We never fail'd to carry on
The Work still as we had begun :
But true and faithfully obey'd,
And neither preach'd them hurt, nor pray'd ;
Nor troubled them to crop our Ears,
Nor hang us like the Cavaliers ;
Nor put them to the Charge of Gaols,
To find us Pillories and Carts-tails,
Or Hang-man's Wages, which the State
Was forc'd (before them) to be at,

That

That cut like Tallies to the Stumps;
 Our Ears for keeping true Accounts,
 And burnt our Vessels, like a New-
 Seal'd Peck or Busbel, for being true.
 But hand in hand, like faithfull Brothers,
 Held forth the Cause against all others,
 Disdaining equally to yield
 One Syllable of what we held.
 And though we differ'd now and then
 'Bout outward things, and outward Men:
 Our inward Men and constant Frame
 Of Spirit still were near the same.
 And till they first began to Cant,
 And Sprinkle down the Covenant,
 We ne'r had Call in any place,
 Nor dream'd of Teaching down Free-Grace;
 But joyn'd our Gifts perpetually
 Against the Common Enemy:
 Although 'twas our and their Opinion,
 Each other's Church was but a Rimmon.

And yet for all this Gospel-Union,
And outward shew of Church-Communion,
They'l ne'r admit us to our shares,
Of Ruling Church or State Affairs ;
Nor give us leave t' absolve, or sentence
T our own Conditions of Repentance :
But shar'd our Dividend o' th' Crown
We had so painfully Preach'd down ;
And forc'd us, though against the Grain,
T have Calls to teach it up again.
For 'twas but Justice to Restore
The wrongs we had receiv'd before ;
And then 'twas held forth in our way,
W' had been ungrateful not to pay :
Who for the Right w' have done the Nation,
Have earn'd our Temporal Salvation,
And put our Vessels in a way,
Once more to come again in Play.
For if the turning of us out,
Has brought this Providence about,
And

*And that our only Suffering
Is able to bring in the King :
What would our Actions not have done,
Had we been suffer'd to go on ?
And therefore may pretend t' a share
At least in carrying on th' Affair.
But whether that be so or not,
W^e have done enough to have it thought ;
And that's as good as if w^e had don't,
And easier past upon account.
For if it be but half deny'd,
'Tis half as good as justify'd.
The World is nat'rally averse
To all the truth it sees or hears,
But swallows Non-sense and a Lie
With greediness and gluttony ;
And though it have the Pique, and long,
'Tis still for something in the wrong :
As Wamen long, when th' are with Child
For things extravagant and wild,*

For Meats ridiculous, and folsom,
But seldom any thing that's wholsom;
And, like the World, Men's Jobbernoles
Turn round upon their Ears, the Poles;
And what th' are confidently told,
By no sense else can be controll'd.

And this, perhaps, may prove the means,
Once more, to hedge in Providence.
For, as Relapses make Diseases
More disprate than their first Accesses;
If we but get again in Pow'r,
Our Work is easier than before;
And we more ready and expert
Ith' Mystery, to do our Part.
We, who did rather undertake
The first War to create, than make
And when of Nothing 'twas begun,
Rais'd Funds as strange, to carry't on;

Trepann'd the State, and sac'd it down,
With Plots and Projects of our own :
And if we did such Feats at first,
What can we now w^e are better vers'd ?
Who have a freer Latitude
Then Sinners give themselves allow'd ?
And therefore likeliest to bring in
On fairest Terms, our Discipline.
To which it was reveal'd long since,
We were ordain'd by Providence :
When Three Saints Ears, our Predecessors,
The Cause's Primitive Confessors,
Bing Crucified, the Nation stood
In just so many Years of Blood :
That multipl'd by Six, express'd
The perfect Number of the Beast.
And provid that we must be the Men
To bring this Work about agen :
And those who laid the first Foundation,
Compleat the thorow Reformation :

For who have Gifts to carry on
 So great a Work, but we alone?
 What Churches have such able Pastors?
 And Precious, Powerful, Preaching-Masters?
 Possess'd with Absolute Dominions,
 O're Brethren's Purses and Opinions?
 And trusted with the Double Keys
 Of Heaven, and their Ware-houses:
 Who, when the Cause is in Distress,
 Can furnish out what Sums they please,
 That Brooding lie in Bankers Hands,
 To be dispos'd at their Commands:
 And daily increase and multiply,
 With Doctrine, Use and Usury.
 Can fetch in Parties (as in War,
 All other Heads of Cattel are;)
 From the Enemy of all Religions,
 As well as High and Low Conditions;
 And share them from Blow Ribbands down,
 To all Blew Aprons in the Town.

From Ladies hurried in Calleches,
With Cornets at their Footmen's Breeches,
To Bawds as fat as Mother Nab,
All Guts and Belly like a Crab.
Our Party's great, and better t' d
With Oaths, and Trade, than any side :
Has one considerabl' Improvement,
To double fortifie the Cov'nant ;
I mean our Covenants to purchase
Delinquents Titles and the Churches :
That pass in Sale, from Hand, to Hand,
Among our selves, for Current Land.
And Rise or Fall, like Indian Actions,
According to the Rate of Factions :
Our best Reserve for Reformation,
When New-Out-goings give occasion :
That keeps the Loins of Brethren girt,
The Covenant (their Creed) t' assert :
And when th' have pack'd a Parliament,
Will once more try th' Expedient,

Who can already muster Friends,
To serve for Members, to our Ends :
That represent no part o' th' Nation,
But Fisher's-Folly Congregation :
Are only Tools to our Intrigues,
And sit like Geese to hatch our Eggs :
Who, by their Precedents of Wit,
Fout-fast, out-leiter, and out-sit :
Can order matters under hand,
To put all Bus'ness to a stand :
Lay Publick Bills aside, for Private,
And make 'em one another drive out ;
Divert the Great and Necessary,
With Trifles to contest and vary ;
And make the Nation represent,
And serve for us in Parliament ;
Cut out more Work than can be done
On Plato's Year ; but finish none,
Unless it be the Bulls of Lenthal,
That always pass for Fundamental.

Can set up Grandee against Grandee,
To squander time away, and Bandy.
Make Lords and Commoners lay Sieges
To one another's Privileges;
And, rather than compound the Quarrel,
Engage to th' inevitable peril
Of both their Ruins; th' only Scope
And Consolation of our Hope:
Who, tho we do not play the Game,
Assist as much by giving Aim.
Can introduce our ancient Arts,
For Heads of Factions, i' all their Parts,
Know what a Leading Voice is worth;
A Seconding, a Third, or Fourth:
How much a Casting Vote comes to,
That turns up Trump, of I, or No;
And by Adjusting all at th' End,
Share ev'ry one his Dividend.
An Art that so much Study cost.
And now's in danger to be lost;

Unless

Unless our Ancient Virtuoso's,
 That found it out, get into th' Houses.
 These are the Courses that we took
 To carry things, by Hook, or Crook :
 And parTic'd down from Forty Four,
 Untill they turn'd us out of Door ;
 Besides the Herds of Bouteefeus,
 We set on work, without the House.
 When ev'ry Knight and Citizen
 Kept Legislative Journey-men,
 To bring them in Intelligence
 From all Points of the Rabbles Sense ;
 And fill the Lobbies of both Houses
 With Politick Important Buzzes :
 Set up Committees of Cabals,
 To pack Designs without the Walls.
 Examine, and draw up all News,
 And fit it to our present Use.
 Agree upon the Plot i' th' Farce,
 And every one his Part rehearse.

Make Q's of Answers, to way-lay
What th' other Parties like to say,
What Repartees, and smart Reflexions
Shall be return'd to all Objections:
And who shall break the Master-Jest,
And what, and how, upon the rest:
Help Pamphlets out, with safe Editions,
Of Proper Slanders and Seditions:
And Treason for a Token send,
By Letter, to a Country Friend.
Disperse Lampoons, the only Wit,
That Men, like Burglary, commit:
Wit, falser than a Padder's Face,
That all its Owner does, betrays:
Who therefore dare not trust it, when
He's in his Calling, to be seen.
Disperse the Dung on Barren Earth,
To bring new Weeds of Discord forth.
Be sure to keep up Congregations,
In spite of Laws and Proclamations;

For Chariotans can do no good;
 Untill th' are mounted in a Crowd;
 And when th' are punish'd, all the Hurt
 Is but to fare the better for;
 As long as Confessors are sure
 Of double Pay for all th' endure;
 And what they earn in Persecution,
 Are paid t' a Groat in Contribution.
 Whence some Tub-holders-forth have made
 In Pomdring-Tubs, their richest Trade;
 And while they keep their Shops in Prison,
 Have found their Prices strangely risen,
 Disdain to own the least Regret
 For all the Christian Blood w' have let;
 'Twill save our Credit, and maintain
 Our Title, to do so again;
 That needs not cost one Dram of Sense,
 But Pertinacious Impudence:
 Our Constancy & our Principles,
 In time, will wear out all things else;

Like

Like Marble Statues, rub'd to pieces,
With Gallantry of Pilgrims' Kisses;
While those who turn and wind their Oaths
Have swell'd, and sunk like other Froths.
Prevail'd a while, but 'twas not long,
Before from World to World they swung;
As they had turn'd from side, to side;
And as the Changelings liv'd they died.

This said; the impatient States-Monger
Could now contain himself no longer;
Who had not spar'd to shew his Picques,
Against th' Haranguers Piliticks?
With smart Remarks of Leering Faces,
And Annotations of Grimaces,
After he had ministred a Dose
Of Snuff-Mundungus, to his Nose;
And powder'd th' inside of his Skull,
Instead of th' outward Jobbarnol:

He shook it, with a scornful Look
On th' Adversary, and thus he spoke.
In Dressing a Calve's Head, although
The Tongue and Brains together go,
Both keep so great a distance here,
'Tis strange, if ever they come near:
For, who did ever play his Gambols,
With such insufferable Rambles?
To make the bringing in the King,
And keeping of him out, one thing?
Which none can do, but those who swore
Tas Point-blank Non-sense heretofore:
That to Defend was to Invade,
And to Assassinate, to Aid:
Unless because you drove him out,
(And that was never made a Doubt)
No Pow'r is able to restore
And bring him in, but on your Score.
A Spiritual Doctrine, that conduces
Most properly, to all your Uses

Tis

'Tis true, a Scorpion's Oyl is said
To cure the Wounds the Vermine made;
And Weapons drest with Salves, restore
And heal the Hurts they gave before;
But whether Presbyterians have
So much Good Nature as the Salve,
Or Virtue in them as the Vermine,
Those who have tri'd 'em can determine.
Indeed, 'tis pity you should miss
Th' Arrears of all your Services,
And for th' Eternal Obligation
I have laid upon th' ungrateful Nation:
But so unconscionable hard,
As not to find a just Reward.
For letting Rapine loose, and Murther,
To rage just so far, but no further:
And setting all the Land on fire,
To burn t' a Scanting, but no higher:
For ventring to assassinate,
And cut the Throats of Church and State:

And

And not be allow'd the fittest Men
 To take the Charge of both agen.
 Especially, that have the Grace
 Of Self-denying, Gifted Face;
 Who, when your Projects have miscarri'd,
 Can lay them, with undaunted Fore-head.
 On those you painfully trepann'd,
 And sprinkled in at Second Hand.
 As we have been, to share the Guilt
 Of Christian Blood, devoutly spilt;
 For so our Ignorance was flamm'd,
 To damn our selves, & avoid being damn'd:
 Till finding your old Foe, the Hang-man,
 Was like to lurch you at Back-Gammon;
 And win your Necks upon the Set,
 As well as ours, who did but Bet:
 (For he had drawn your Ears before,
 And nick'd 'em on the self-same Score:)
 We threw the Box and Dice away,
 Before y' had lost us at soul Play:

And

And brought you down to Rook, and Lye,
And Fancy only, on the By.
Redeem'd your forfeit Jobbernoles,
From pearching upon lofty Poles;
And rescued all your Outward Traitors
From hanging up like Allegators:
For which ingeniously y' have shew'd
Your Presbyterian Gratitude:
Would freely have paid us home in kind,
And not have been one Rope behind.
Those were your Motives to divide,
And scruple, on the other side,
To turn your Zealous Frands, and Forc,
To Fits of Conscience and Remorse.
To be convinc'd they were in vain,
And face about for New again:
For Truth no more unvail'd your Eyes,
Than Maggots are convinc'd to Flies:
And therefore, all your Lights and Calls,
Are but Apocryphal, and False,

To charge us with the Consequences
Of all your Native Insolences,
That to your own Imperious Wills,
Laid Law and Gospel Neck and Heels :
Corrupted the Old Testament,
To serve the New for Precedent :
To amend its Errors and Defects,
With Murder and Rebellion-Texts :
Of which there is not any one
In all the Book, to sow upon :
And therefore (from your Tribe) the Jews
Held Christian Doctrine forth and Use :
As Mahomet (your Chief) began
To mix them in the Alchoran :
Denounc'd, and pray'd with Fierce Devotion,
And bended Elbows on the Cushion :
Stole from the Beggars all your Tones,
And Gifted Mortifying Groans :
Had Lights where better Eyes were blind,
As Pigs are said to see the Wind :

Fill'd

Fill'd Bedlam with Predestination,
 And Knights-Bridge with Illumination :
 Made Children, with your Tones, to run for't,
 As bad as Bloody Bones or Lunsford.
 While Women, Great with Child, miscarri'd
 For being to Malignants marry'd :
 Transform'd all Wives to Dahilabs,
 Whose Husbands were not for the Cause :
 And turn'd the Men to Ten-Horn'd Cattel,
 Because they came not out to Battel :
 Made Taylors Prentices turn Heroes,
 For fear of being transform'd to Meroz ;
 And rather forsoit their Indentures,
 Than not esponse the Saints Adventures.

Could Transubstantiate, Metamorphose,
 And charm whole Herds of Beasts, like Orpheus
 Inchant the King's and Churches Lands,
 To obey and follow your Commands :

*And settle on a New Free-hold,
As Marcly-Hill had done of Old.
Could turn the Covenant, and translate
The Gospel into Spoons and Plate :
Expound upon all Merchants Cashes,
And open th' intricatest Places :
Could Catechise a Money Box,
And prove all Powches Orthodox ;
Until the Cause became a Damon,
And Pythias, the wicked Mammon.*

*And yet, in spight of all your Charms,
To conjure Legion up, in Arms ;
And raise more Devils in the Rout,
Than e'er ywere able to cast out :
To have been reduc'd, and by those Fools,
Bred up (you say) in your own Schools :
Who, though but gifted at your feet,
Have made it plain, they have more Wit.*

By whom you have been so oft trepan'd,
And held forth out of all Command :
Out-gifted, Out-impuls'd, Out-done,
And Out-reveal'd at Carryings on.
Of all your Dispensations Worm'd,
Out-providenc'd, and Out-reform'd.
Ejected out of Church, and State,
And all things, but the People's Hate :
And spirited out of th'Enjoyments
Of precious, edifying Employments ;
By those who loadg'd their Gifts and Graces,
Like better Bowlers, in your Places.
All which you bore, with Resolution,
Charg'd on th' Account of Persecution :
And though, most Righteously oppress'd,
Against your Wills, still acquiesc't :
And never Hum'd and Hab'd Sedition,
Nor snuffled Treason, nor Misprision.
That is, because you never durst ;
For had you preach'd and pray'd your worst,

Alas,

*Alas, you were no longer able
To raise your Passe of the Rabble :
One single Red-Coat Sentinel
Out-charm'd the Magick of the Spell ;
And with his Squirt-fire, could disperse
Whole Troops, with Chapter rais'd, and Verse :
We knew too well those tricks of yours,
To leave it ever in your Powers :
Or trust our Safeties, or Undoings,
To your disposing of Out-goings ;
Or to your Ordering Providence,
One Farthings-worth of Consequence*

*For had you Pow'r to undermine,
Or Wit to carry a Design,
Or Correspondence to trepan,
Inveagle, or betray one Man ;
There's nothing else that intervenes,
And bars your Zeal to use the means.*

*And therefore wondrous like, no doubt,
To bring in Kings, or keep them out :
Brave undertakers to restore,
That could not keep your selves in pow'r
T' advance the Interests of the Crown,
That wanted Wit to keep your own.*

*'Tis true, you have (for I'd be loth
To wrong ye) done your Parts, 'in Both ;
To keep him out, and bring him in,
As Grace is introduc'd by Sin ;
For'twas your zealous want of Sense,
And sanctifi'd Impertinence :
Your carrying business in a Huddle,
That forc'd our Rulers to New-Modle ;
Oblig'd the State to tack about,
And turn you, Root and Branch, all out ;
To Reformado, One and All,
T' your Great Croyfado, General :*

Your greedy slav'ring to devour
Before 'twas in your Clutches, Pow'r.
That sprung the Game you were to set,
Before y' had time to draw the Net ;
Your spight to see the Churches Lands
Divided into other Hands.

And all your Sacrilegious Ventures,
Laid out on Tickets and Debentures ;
Your Envy to be sprinkled down,
By Under Churches in the Town.

And no Course us'd to stop their Mouths,
Nor th' Independants spreading Growths.

All which consider'd, 'tis most true,
None bring him in so much as you.

Who have prevail'd, beyond their Plots,
Their Midnight Junto's, and seal'd Knots ;
That thrive more by your Zealous Piques,
Than all their own rasc Politicks.

And this way you may claim a share,
In carrying (as you brag) th' Affair ;

Else Frogs, and Toads, that croak'd the Jews,
From Pharo, and his Brick-kills-loose:
And Flies, and Mange, that set them free,
From Task-Masters, and Slavery:
Were likelier to do the Feat,
In any indifferent Man's Conceit;
For who e'er heard of Restoration,
Untill your thorough Reformation:
That is, the King's and Churches Lands
Were sequestred int' other Hands?
For, only then, and not before,
Your Eyes were opened to restore.
And when the Work was carrying on,
Who crost it, but your selves alone?
As, by a World of Hints, appears,
All plain, and extant, as your Ears.
But first o'th first; the Isle of Wight
Will rise up, if you should deny't;
Where Hinderson, and th' other Masses,
Were sent to cap Texts, and put Cases

To pass for Deep and Learned Scholars ;
Although but Paltry, Ob-and-Sollers :
As if th' unseasonable Fools
Had been a Cursing in the Schools ;
Until th' had prov'd the Devil Author
O'th' Covenant, and the Cause, his Daughter ;
For, when they charg'd him with the Guilt
Of all the Blood that had been spilt ;
They did not mean, he wrought th' Effusion
In Person, like Sir Pride, or Hughson ;
But only those, who first begun
The Quarrel, were by him set on.
And who could those be but the Saints,
Those Reformation-Termegants ?
But e'er this past, the wise Debate
Spent so much time, it grew too late ;
For Oliver had gotten Ground,
Tenclose them, with his Warriors, round.
Had brought his Providence about,
And turn'd the untimely Sophists out.

Nor had the Uxbridge bus'ness less
Of Non-sence in't, and sottishness,
When from a Scoundrel Holder-forth,
The Scum, as well as Son o' th' Earth,
Your mighty Senators took Law
At his Command, were forc'd t' withdraw;
And sacrifice the Peace o' th' Nation
To Doctrine, Use, and Application.
So when the Scots, your constant Cronies,
Th'Espousers of your Cause, and Monies:
Who had so often, in your Aid,
So many ways been soundly paid;
Came in at last, for better Ends,
To prove themselves your trusty Friends,
You basely left them, and the Church,
Th' had train'd you up to, in the Lurch,
And suffer'd your own Tribe of Christians
To fall before, as true Philistines.
This shews what Utensils y' have been,
To bring the King's Concernments in:

Which

Which is so far from being true,
 That none but He can bring in You,
 And if he take you into trust,
 Will find you most exactly just :
 Such as will punctually repay
 With double Interest, and betray.

Not that I think those Pantomimes,
 Who vary Action with the Times ;
 Are less ingenious in their Art,
 Than those who dully act one Part ;
 Or those who turn from Side to Side ;
 More guilty than the Wind and Tide.
 All Countries are a Wise man's Home,
 And so are Governments to some,
 Who change them for the same Intrigues
 That States-men use in breaking Leagues :
 While others in Old Faiths and Troths,
 Look odd, as in Out-of-fashion'd Cloaths :

And

*And nastier, in an old Opinion,
Than those who never shift their Linnen.*

*For True and Faithful's sure to loose,
Which way soever the Game goes:
And whether Parties lose or win,
Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in.
While Pow'r usurp'd like stol'n delight,
Is more bewitching than the Right.
And when the Times begin to alter,
None rise so high as from the Halter.*

*And so may we, if w' have but Sense
To use the necessary Means,
And not your usual Stratagems
On one another, Lights and Dreames.
To stand on Terms as positive,
As if we did not take, but give:
Set up the Covenant on Crutches,
Gainst those who have us in their Clutches;*

And

And

And dream of pulling Churches down,
 Before w^e are sure to prop our own:
 Your constant Method of Proceeding,
 Without the Carnal Means of Heeding:
 Who, 'twixt your Inward Sense, and Outward,
 Are worse, than if y^e had none, accounted.

I grant, all Courses are in vain,
 Unless we can get in again;
 The only way that's left us now,
 But all the difficulty's, How?
 'Tis true! w^e have Money, th^e only Pow'r
 That all Mankind falls down before:
 Money, that, like the Swords of Kings,
 Is the last Reason of all things:
 And therefore, need not doubt our Play
 Has all advantages that way;
 As long as Men have Faith to sell,
 And meet with those that can pay well.

Whose

Whose half-starv'd Pride and Avarice,
 One Church and State will not suffice,
 T' expose to Sale ; beside the Wages
 Of storing Plagues to after Ages.
 Nor is our Money less our own,
 Than 'twas before we laid it down ;
 For 'twill return, and turn t' Account,
 If we are brought in Play upon 't ;
 Or, but by Casting Knaves, get in,
 What Pow'r can hinder us to win ?
 We know the Arts we us'd before,
 In Peace and War, and something more ;
 And by the unfortunate Events,
 Can mend our next Experiments.
 For, when w' are taken into Trust,
 How easie are the Wisest choust ?
 Who see but th' out-sides of our Feats,
 And not their secret Springs and Weights ;
 And while th' are busie at their ease,
 Can carry what Designs we please :

How easie is't to serve for Agents,
To prosecute our old Engagements ?
To keep the Good Old Cause on Foot,
And present Power from taking Root ?
Inflame them both with false Alarms,
Of Plots, and Parties, taking Arms ;
To keep the Nation's Wounds too wide
For healing up of Side to Side.
Profess the passionar'st Concerns,
For both their Interests, by Turns.
The only way t' improve our own,
By dealing faithfully with none ;
(As Bowls run true, by being made
Of purpose false, and to be sway'd)
For, if we should be true to either,
Twould turn us out of both together ;
And therefore have no other Means,
To stand upon our own Defence ;
But keeping up our Ancient Party
In Vigor, Confident, and Hearty :

To reconcile our late Dissenters,
Our Brethren, though by other Ventrers,
Unite them and their different Maggots,
As long and short Sticks are in Faggots.
And make them joyn again as close,
As when they first began t'Esponse;
Erect them into Separate
New Jewish Tribes, in Church and State;
To joyn in Marriage and Commerce,
And only among themselves Converse.
And all that are not of their Mind,
Make Enemies to all Mankind:
Take all Religions in and sticke,
From Conclave, down to Conventicle;
Agreeing still, or disagreeing,
According to the Light in Being.
Sometimes, for Liberty of Conscience,
And Spiritual mis-rule, in one Sense.
But in another quite contrary,
As Dispensations chance to vary:

And stand for, as the times will bear it,
All Contradictions of the Spirit :
Protect their Emessaries, impow'd
To preach Sedition and the Word:
And when th' are hamper'd by the Laws,
Release the Lab'rers for the Cause;
And turn the Persecution back,
On those that made the first Attack.

To keep them equally in awe,
From breaking or maintaining Law;
And when they have their Fits to soon,
Before the Full-Tides of the Moon :
Put off their Zeal i' a fitter Season,
For sowing Faction in, and Treason;
And keep them hooded, and their Churches,
Like Hawks from bating on their Perches.
That when the Blessed Time shall come,
Of quitting Babylon and Rome,

They

*They may be ready to restore
Their own Fifth-Monarchy, once more;
Mean while, be better Arm'd to Fence,
Against Revolts of Providence;
By watching narrowly, and snapping
All blind sides of it, as they happen:
For, if Success could make us Saints,
Our Ruin turn'd us Miscreants:
A Scandal that would fall too hard
Upon a Few, and unprepar'd.*

*These are the Courses we must run,
Spight of our Hearts, or be undone:
And not to stand on Terms and Freaks,
Before we have secur'd our Necks.
But do our Work, as out of sight,
As Stars by Day, and Suns by Night:
All Licence of the People own,
In opposition to the Crown.*

And for the Crown as fiercely side,
 The Head and Body to divide ;
 The end of all we first design'd,
 And all that yet remains behind :
 Be sure to spare no publick Rapine,
 On all Emergencies that happen ;
 For 'tis as easie to supplant
 Authority, as Men in want :
 As some of us, in trusts, have made
 The one hand with the other trade ;
 Gain'd vastly, by their Joynt-endeavour ;
 The right a Thief, the left Receiver.
 And what the one, by tricks, forestall'd,
 The other, by as sly, Retail'd.
 For Gain has wonderful Effects,
 To improve the Façtory of Sects ;
 The Rule of Faith in all Professions,
 And great Diana of the Ephesians :
 Whence turning of Religion's made
 The means to turn and wind a Trade.

L

And

And though some change it for the worse,
 They put themselves into a Course;
 And draw in store of Customers,
 To thrive the better in Commerce:
 For, all Religions flock together,
 Like Tame, and Wild-Fowl of a Feather;
 To nab the Itches of their Sects;
 As Jades do one another's Necks.
 Hence 'tis, Hypocrisie, as well,
 Will serve t' improve a Church, as Zeal;
 As Persecution, or Promotion,
 Do equally advance Devotion.

Let Business, like ill Watches, go,
 Sometime too fast, sometime to slow:
 For, things in order are put out
 So easie, Ease it self will do't.
 But when the Feat's design'd and meant,
 What Miracle can bar th' event?

For 'tis more easie to betray,
Than ruin any other way.

All possible Occasions start,
The Weighty'st Matters to divert :

Obstruſt, Perplex, Distract, Intangle,
And lay perpetual Trains to wrangle :

Not in Affairs of leſs Import,
That neither do us Good nor Hurt,

And they receive as little by,
Out-fawn as much, and Out-comply :

And ſeem as ſcrupuloſly juſt,
To bait our Hooks for greater Truſt.

But ſtill be careful to cry down
All publick Actions, though our own :

The leaſt Miſcarriage aggravate,
And charge it all upon the State :

Expres the horrid'ſt Detestation,
And pity the diſtracted Nation.

*Tell Stories, scandalous and false,
I th' proper Language of Cabals :
Where all a subtil States-man says
Is half in Words, and half in Face :
(As Spaniards talk in Dialogues,
Of Heads and Shoulders, Nods and Shrugs)
Entrust it under solemn Vows
Of Mum and Silence, and the Rose,
To be retail'd again in Whispers,
For th' easie credulous to disperse.*

Thus far the States-man. When a Shout,
Heard at a distance, put him out.
And strait another, all agast,
Rush'd in with equal Fear and Haste :
Who star'd about, as pale as Death,
And for a while, *as out of Breath* ;
Till having gather'd up his Wits ;
He thus began his Tale by Fits.

That beastly Rabble,——that came down,
 From all the Garrets——in the Town,
 And Stalls, and Shop-boards——in vast Swarms,
 With new-chalk'd Bills,——and rusty Arms,
 To cry the Cause——up, heretofore,
 And bawl the Bishops——out of Door;
 Are now drawn up,——in greater Shoals,
 To Roast——and Broil us on the Coals:
 And all the Grandees——of our Members
 Are Carbonading on——the Embers;
 Knights, Citizens and Burgessees——
 Held forth by Rumps——of Pigs and Geese.
 That serve for Characters——and Badges,
 To represent their Personages,
 Each Bone-fire is a Funeral Pile,
 In which they Roast, and Scorch, and Broil;
 And ev'ry Representative
 Have vow'd to Roast——and Broil alive;

And 'tis a Miracle, we are not /
 Already, sacrific'd Incarnate.
 For, while we wrangle here, and jar,
 We are Grylly'd at Temple-Bar ;
 Some, on the Sign-post of an Ale-house,
 Hang in Effigy, on the Gallows,
 Made up of Rags, to personate
 Respective Officers of State ;
 That henceforth they may stand reputed,
 Proscrib'd in Law, and Executed,
 And while the Work is carrying on,
 Be ready Listed under Dum ;
 That Worthy Patriot, once the Bellows,
 And Tinder-box of all his Fellows.
 The acti'v'st Member of the Five,
 As well as the most Primitive :
 Who, for his faithful Service then,
 Is chosen for a Fifth agen ;
 (For, since the State has made a Quint
 Of Generals, he's listed in't.)

*This Worthy, as the World will say,
Is paid in Specie, his own way;
For, moulded to the Life in Clouts,
Th' have pick'd from Dung hills hereabouts:
He's mounted on a Hazel Bavin,
A crop'd Malignant Baker gave 'em:
And, to the largest Bonfire riding,
Th' have roasted Cook already, and Pride-m.
On whom, in Equipage, and State,
His Scare-crow Fellow-Members wait;
And March in Order, two and two,
As at Thanksgivings th' us'd to do:
Each in a tatter'd Talismane;
Like Vermine in Effigie slain.*

*But (what's more dreadful than the rest)
Those Rumps are but the Tailo' th' Beast;
Set up by Popish Engineers,
As by the Crackers plainly appears:*

For, none but Jesuits have a Mission
To preach the Faith with Ammunition;
And propagate the Church with Powder,
Their Founder was a blown up Soldier.
These Spiritual Pioneers o' th' Whores,
That have the Charge of all her Stores;
Since first they fail'd in their Designs,
To take in Heav'n by springing Mines;
And with unanswerable Barrels
Of Gun-powder, dispute their Quarrels:
Now take a Course more practicable,
By laying Trains to fire the Rabble,
And blow us up in th' open Streets;
Disguis'd in Rumps, like Sambenites;
More like to Ruin, and Confound,
Than all their Doctrines under-ground.
Nor have they chosen Rumps amiss,
For Symbols of State-Mysteries;

Though

Though some suppose, 'twas but to shew
 How much they scorn'd the Saints, The Few ;
 Who, 'cause th' are wasted to the stumps,
 Are represented best by Rumps,
 But Jesuits have deeper Reaches
 In all their Politick Far-fetches :
 And from their Coptick Priest, Kirkerus,
 Found out this Mystick way to jeer us.

For, as the Ægyptians us'd, by Bees,
 T' express their Antick Ptolomies ;
 And by their Stings, the Swords they wore,
 Held forth Authority and Pow'r :
 Because these subtil Animals
 Bear all their Int'rests in their Tails ;
 And when th' are once impair'd in that,
 Are banish'd their Well-order'd State :
 They thought all Governments were best,
 By Hieroglyphick Rumps, express,

For

For, as in Bodies Natural,
The Rump's the Fundament of all;
So, in a Commonwealth, or Realm,
The Government is call'd the Helm:
With which, like Vessels under Sail,
Th' are turn'd and winded by the Tail.
The Tail, which Birds and Fishes steer
Their Courses with, through Sea and Air;
To whom the Rudder of the Rump is
The same thing with the Stern and Compass.
This shews how perfectly the Rump
And Commonwealth in Nature jump.
For, as a Fly, that goes to Bed,
Rests with his Tail above his Head;
So in this Mungrel State of ours,
The Rabble are the Supreme Powers.
That Hors'd us on their Backs, to show us
A Jadish trick at last, and throw us.

The Learned Rabbins of the Jews
 Write, there's a Bone which they call Luez,
 It's Rump of Man, of such a Vertue,
 No force in Nature can do hurt to;
 And therefore, at the last Great Day,
 All th' other Members shall, they say,
 Spring out of this, as from a Seed,
 All sorts of Vegetals proceed:
 From whence, the Learned Sons of Art,
 Os Sacrum, justly stile that Part.

Then what can better represent,
 Than this Rump-bone, the Parliament
 That after several rude Ejections,
 And as prodigious Resurrections,
 With new Reversions of mine Lard,
 Starts up, and like a Cat, revives it
 As it were, and like a Cat, revives it
 As it were, and like a Cat, revives it

But now, alas, th' are all expir'd,
And th' House, as well as Members fir'd;
Consum'd in Kennels, by the Rout,
With which they other Fires put out:
Condemn'd t' ungoverning Distress,
And Paultry, Private Wretchedness:
Worse than the Devil to Privation,
Beyond all hopes of Restauration;
And parted like the Body and Soul,
From all Dominion and Controul.

We, who could lately, with a Look,
Enact, Establish, or Revoke;
Whose Arbitrary Nods gave Law,
And Frowns kept multitudes in Awe:
Before the Bluster of whose Huff,
All Hats, as in a Storm, flew off.
Ador'd and bow'd to, by the Great,
Down to the Foot-man, and Valet.

Had

Had more bent Knees than Chappel-Mats,
And Prayers, than the Crowns of Hats ;
Shall now be scorn'd as wretchedly,
For Ruin's just as low as high ;
Which might be suffer'd, were it all
The Horrour, that attends our Fall :
For, some of us have Scores more large
Than Heads and Quarters can discharge.
And others who, by restless scraping
With Publick Frauds, and private Rapine ;
Have mighty Heaps of Wealth amass'd,
Would gladly lay down all at last :
And to be but undone, Entail
Their Vessels on perpetual Jail ;
And bless the Devil to let them Farms
Of forfeit Souls, on no worse terms.

This said, A near and louder Shout
Put all th' Assembly to the Rout:

Who

Who now began to out-run their fear,
 As Horses do, from those that bear;
 But crowded on, with so much haste,
 Untill th' had block'd the Passage fast;
 And Barricaded it with Haunches
 Of Outward Men, and Bulks, and Paunches;
 That with their shoulders strove to squeeze,
 And rather save a Crippl'd piece
 Of all their crush'd and broken Members,
 Than have them Grillic'd on the Embers:
 Still pressing on with heavy Packs,
 Of one another, on their Backs:
 The Van-Guard could no longer hear
 The Charges of the Farlorn Rear;
 But born down head-long by the Rant,
 Were trampled surely under Foot.
 Yet nothing prov'd so formidable,
 As the horrid Cookery of the Rabble;
 And Fear that keeps all Feeling out,
 As lesser Pains are, by the Gout,

Re.

Reliev'd 'em with a fresh Supply
 Of rallied Force, enough to fly;
 And beat a Tuscan Running Horse,
 Whose Jacky-Rider is all Spurs.

CANTO III.

The ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire's Prodigious Flight:
 To quit th' Inchant'd Bow'r by Night:
 He plods to turn his Amorous Suit
 To a Plea in Law, and prosecute:
 Repairs to Counsel, to advise
 'Bout managing the Enterprize:
 But first resolves to try by Letter,
 And once more, fair Address, to get bar.

Who would believe what strange Bugbears
 Mankind creates it self, of Fears?
 That spring like Fern, that Insect Weed,
 Equivocally, without Seed;

And

And have no possible Foundation,
 But merely in th' Imagination :
 And yet can do more dreadful Feats,
Than Hags, with all their *Imps and Teats* :
 Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,
 Than all their *Nurseries of Elves*.
 For fear does things so like a Witch,
 'Tis hard t' unriddle which is which.
 Sets up Communities of Senses,
 To chop and change Intelligences :
 As *Rost-crusian Virtuoso's*,
 Can see with *Ears*, and hear with *Noses* :
 And when they neither see nor hear,
 Have more than both suppl'd by Fear ;
 That makes 'em in the dark see *Visions*,
 And hag themselves with *Apparitions*.
 And when their Eyes discover least,
 Discern the subt'lest Objects best.
 Do things not contrary alone
 To th' Course of Nature, but its own :

The Courage of the Bravest daunt,
 And turn Pultroons as valiant;
 For Men as resolute appear
 With too much, as too little Fear.
 And when th' are out of hopes of flying,
 Will run away from Death by dying;
 Or turn again to stand it out,
 And those that fled, like Lions Rout.
 This Hudibras had prov'd too true,
 Who, by the Furies, left Perdue
 And haunted with Detachments, sent
 From Marshal-Legion's Regiment
 Was by a Fiend, as counterfeit,
 Reliev'd and Resen'd with a Cheat
 When nothing but himself and fear
 Was both the Imps and Conjuror
 As by the Rules of Virtuosi,
 It follows in due Form of Possibi-

M

Disguis'd

Disguis'd in all the Masks of Night,
We left our Champion on his flight :
At *Blind-man's-buff*, to grope his way,
In equal fear, of *Night and Day* :
Who took his dark and desp'rate Course,
He knew no better than his Horse ;
And by an unknown Devil led,
(He knew as little whether) fled,
He never was in greater need,
Nor less Capacity of Speed :
Disabled both in Man and Beast,
To fly, and run away, *his best* ;
To keep the Enemy, and Fear,
From equal falling on his Rere.
And tho with Kicks and bangs he ply'd
The further, and the nearer side :
(As *Sea-men* ride with all their force,
And *Tug* as if they *Row'd the Horse* ;

brought

And

And when the Hackney Sails most swift,
 Believe they *lag*, or *run a-drift*)
 So though he posted e'er so fast,
 His Fear was greater than his *Haste* :
 For Fear, though fleetier than the Wind,
 Believes 'tis always left behind.
 But when the Morn began to appear,
 And shift'd *' another Scene* his Fear ;
 He found his new *Officious Shade*,
 That came so timely to his Aid ;
 And forc'd him from the Foe t' escape,
 Had turn'd it self to *Ralpho's shape*.
 So like in *Person, Garb, and Pitch*,
 Twas hard t' interpret *which was which*.

For *Ralpho* had no sooner told
 The Lady all he had t' unfold,
 But she convey'd him out of sight
 To entertain the approaching Knight.

And while he gave himself Diversion;
 T' accommodate his *Beast and Person*;
 And put his *Beard* into a posture,
 At best advantage to accost her:
 She order'd th' *Antimasquerade*,
 (For his Reception) *aforsaid*:
 But when the *Ceremony* was done,
 The *Lights* put out, and *Furies* gone;
 And *Hudibras*, amongst the rest,
 Convey'd away, as *Ralpho* guest:
 The wretched *Caitiff* all alone,
 (As he believ'd) began to moan,
 And tell his *Story* to himself;
 The Knight mistook him for an *Elf*
 And did so still, till he began
 To scruple at *Ralph's* *Outward Man*;
 And thought, because they oft agreed,
 T' appear in one another's stead;
 And act the *Saints* and *Devils* Part,
 With undistinguishable Art;

LbA

c M

They

They might have done so now perhaps,
 And put on one another's Shapes;
 And therefore, to resolve the doubt,
 He star'd upon him, and cry'd out.
*What art? My Squire, or that bold Sprite,
 That took his Place and Shape to Night?
 Some busie Independent Pug,
 Retainer to his Synagogue?*
 Alas, quoth he, I'm none of those
 Your Bosom-Friends, as you suppose;
 But Ralph himself, your trusty Squire,
 Wh' has drag'd your Dunship out o' th' mire,
 And from the Inchantments of a Widdow,
 Wh' had turn'd you int' a Beast, have freed you.
 And though a Prisoner of War,
 Have brought you safe, where now you are,
 Which you would gratefully repay,
 Your constant Presbyterian way.
 That's stranger (quoth the Knight) and stranger:
 Who gave thee notice of my danger?

Quoth he, Tb' Infernal Conjurers
Purs'd, and took me Prisoner ;
And knowing you were hereabout,
Brought me along, to find you out,
Where I, in Hugger-mugger bid,
Have noted all they said and did :
And though they lay to him the Pageant,
I did not see him, nor his Agent ;
Who plai'd their Sorceries out of sight,
To avoid a fiercer, second Fight.

But, didst thou see no Devils then ?
Not one, quoth he, but Carnal Men.
A little worse than Fiends in Hell,
And that She-Devil, Jezabel ;
That laugh'd and tee-he'd with derision,
To see them take your Deposition.
What then (quoth Hudibras) was he
That plai'd the Dev'l, to examine me ?

A Rallying Weaver in the Town,
 That did it in a Parson's Gown :
 Whom all the Parish takes for gifted ;
 But, for my part, I ne'er believ'd it.
 In which you told them all your Feats,
 Your Conscientious Frauds and Cheats ;
 Deny'd your Whipping, and confess'd
 The naked Truth of all the rest :
 More plainly than the Reverend Writer,
 That to our Churches veil'd his Mitre.
 All which they took in Black and White,
 And cudgel'd me to under-write.
 What made thee, when they all were gone,
 And none but thou and I alone ;
 To act the Devil, and forbear
 To rid me of my Hellish Fear ?
 Quoth he, I knew your constant Rate,
 And Frame of Sprite, too obstinate,
 To be by me prevail'd upon
 With any Motives of my own :

And therefore strive to counterfeit
 The Dev'l a while, to Nick your Wit,
 The Devil, that is your constant Crony,
 That only can prevail upon ye
 Else we might still have been disputing,
 And they with mighty Drubs confusing.

The Knight, who now began to find
 Th' had left the Enemy behind;
 And saw no farther harm remain,
 But feeble Weariness and Pain
 Perceiv'd, by losing of their Way,
 Th' had gain'd th' advantage of the Day;
 And by declining of the Road,
 They had by chance their Rere made good.
 He ventur'd to dismiss his Fear,
 That parting's wont to Rent and Tear.
 And gives the desperat' Attack
 To danger, still behind its Back.

For, having pass'd to recollect,
 And on his past Success reflect,
 To examine and consider why,
 And whence, and how, he came to fly;
 And when no Devil had appear'd,
 What else, it could be said, he fear'd;
 It put him in so fierce a Rage;
 He once resolv'd to re-engage;
 Toft like a Foot-ball back again,
 With Shame, and Vengeance, and Disdain.

Quoth he, *It was thy Comandise*
That made me from this Leaguer rise;
And when I had half reduc'd the place,
To quit it infamously base.

Was better cover'd by thy New
Arriv'd Detachment than I knew:
To slight my new Acquest, and run
Victoriously from Battels won.

And

And reck'ning all I gain'd or lost,
 To sell them cheaper than they cost,
 To make me put my self to flight;
 And Conqu'ring, run away by night.
 To drag me out, which th' haughty Foe,
 Durst never have presum'd to do.
 To mount me in the dark by force,
 Upon the bare Ridge of my Horse.
 Expos'd in Querpo to their Rage,
 Without my Arms and Equipage;
 Lest, if they ventur'd to pursue,
 I might the unequal Fight renew.
 And, to preserve thy Outward Man,
 Assum'd my Place, and led the Van.

All this, quoth Ralph, I did, 'tis true,
 Not to preserve my self, but you.
 You, who were damn'd to baser Drubs,
 Than Wretches feel in Powdering Tub's;

To mount two wheel'd Carroches, worse
Than manning a Wooden Horse:
Drag'd out through straiter Holes, by th' Ears,
Bras'd, or Coup'd for Perjurers.
Who, though the Attempt had prov'd in vain,
Had had no reason to complain:
But since it prosper'd, 'tis unbandsome
To blame the Hand that paid your Ransome;
And rescu'd your obnoxious Bones
From unavoidable Battoons,
The Enemy was reinforc'd,
And we disabled and unhors'd:
Disarm'd, unqualifi'd for Fight;
And no way left, but hasty Flight.
Which, though as desperate in the Attempt,
Has giv'n you freedom to condemn't.

But were our Bones in fit Condition
To re-inforce the Expedition,

'Tis

'Tis now unseasonable, and vain,
To think of falling on again :
No Martial Project to surprize,
Can ever be attempted twice,
Nor cast design serve afterwards,
As Gamesters tear their losing Cards.
Beside, our bangs of man and Beast
Are fit for nothing now but Rest.
And for a while will not be able
To rally, and prove serviceable.
And therefore I with reason chose
This Stratagem, t' amuse our Foes.
To make an Honourable Retreat,
And wave a total sure Defeat :
For, those that fly, may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.
Hence timely Running's no mean part
Of Conduct, in the Martial Art,
By which some Glorious Feats achieve,
As Citizens, by breaking, thrive.

And

And Cannons conquer Armies, while
 They seem to draw off and recoil.
 Is held the gallantest Course, and bravest,
 To great Exploits, as well as safest:
 That spares the Expence of Time and Pains,
 And dangerous beating out of Brains.
 And in the end prevails, as certain,
 As those that never trust to Fortune;
 But make their Fear do Execution,
 Beyond the stoutest Resolution;
 As Earth-quakes kill, without a Blow,
 And only trembling, overthrow
 Ifth' Ancients Crown'd their bravest men
 That only sav'd a Citizen,
 What Victory could e'er be won,
 If ev'ry one would save but one?
 Or Fight endanger'd to be lost,
 Where all resolve to save the most?
 By this means, when a Battel's won,
 The War's as far from being done:

For

For those that save themselves, and fly,
Go haloes, at least, in th' Victory :
And sometime, when their loss is small,
And danger great, they challenge all :
Print new additions to their Feats,
And Emendations in Gazets ;
And when, for furious haste to run,
They durst not stay to fire a Gun :
Have don't with Bone-fires, and at home,
Make Squibs and Crackers overcome.

To set the Rabble on a Flame,
And keep their Governours from Blame,
Disperse the News, the Pulpit tells,
Confirm'd with Fire-works, and with Bells :
And though reduc'd to that Extream,
They have been forc'd to sing Te Deum ;
Yet, with Religious Blasphemy,
By flattering Heaven with a Lie,

And

*And for their Beating, giving Thanks,
 Th' have rais'd Recruits, and fill'd their Banks;
 For those who run from the Enemy,
 Engage them equally to fly.*

*And when the Fight becomes a Chace,
 Those win the Day, that win the Race;
 And that which would not pass in Fights,
 Has done the Feat with easie Slights.*

*Recover'd many a desp'rate Campaign,
 With Bourdeaux, Burgundy and Champain.*

*Restor'd the fainting High and Mighty
 With Brandy-Wine and Aqua-vite.*

*And made them stoutly overcome,
 With Bacrach, Hocamore and Mum:
 Whom, the uncontroll'd Decrees of Fate*

*To Victory necessitate;
 With which, although they run or burn,*

*They unavoidably return:
 Or else their Sultan-Populaces
 Still strangle all their routed Bassa's.*

Quoth

Quoth Hudibras, I understand
 What Fights thou mean'st at Sea and Land;
 And who those were that run away,
 And yet gave out th' had won the day:
 Although the Rabble foue'd them for't,
 O'er Head and Bars in Mud and Dirt.
 'Tis true, our Modern way of War
 Is grown more politick by far;
 But not so resolute and bold,
 Nor ty'd to Honour, as the Old.
 For, now they laugh at giving Battel,
 Unless it be to Herds of Cattel:
 Or fighting Convoys of Provision,
 The whole design of the Expedition.
 And not with down-right blows to rout
 The Enemy, but eat them out:
 As Fighting in all Beasts of Prey,
 And Eating are perform'd one way;

To give defiance to their teeth,
And fight their stubborn Out to death,
And those achieve the high'st Renown,
That bring the other Stomachs down,
There's now no fear of wounds nor maiming,
All dangers are reduc'd to Famine.
And Feats of Arms, to Plot, Design,
Surprize, and Stratagem, and Mine,
But have no need, nor use of Courage,
Unless it be for Glory, or Forrage:
For if they fight, 'tis but by chance,
When one side vent'ring to advance,
And come uncivilly too near,
Are charg'd unmercifully ith' Rere:
and forc'd with terrible resistance,
To keep hereafter at a distance;
To pick out Ground to incamp upon
Where store of largest Rivers run,
That serve instead of peaceful Barriers
To part th' Engagements of their Warriors.

N

Where

Where both from side to side may skip,
And only encounter at Bo-peep.
For Men are found the flouter hearted,
The certainer th' are to be parted.
And therefore post themselves in Bogs,
As the ancient Mice attack'd the Frogs;
And made their mortal Enemy,
The Water-Rat, their great Ally.
For 'tis not now, who's stout and bold;
But who bears Hunger best, and Cold:
And he's approv'd the most deserving,
Who longest can hold out at starving:
But he that rots most Pigs and Cows,
The formidablest Man of Prowess.
So, the Emperor Caligula,
That triumph'd o'er the British Sea;
Took Crabs and Oysters Prisoners,
And Lobsters, 'stead of Curasiers;
Engag'd his Legions in fierce Battles,
With Periwinkles, Prawns and Muscles:

And

And led his Troops with furious Gallops,
 To charge whole Regiments of Scallops.
 Not like their ancient way of War,
 To wait on his Triumphal Carr,
 But when he went to Dine or Sup,
 More bravely eat his Captives up;
 And left all Wars by his Example,
 Reduc'd to wifpling of a Camp well.

Ooth Ralph, by all that you have said,
 Had twice as much that I could add,
 'Tis plain, you cannot now do worse,
 Than take this out-of-fashion'd course:
 To hope by stratagem to woo her,
 Or waging Battle to subdue her.
 Though some have done it in Romances,
 And bang'd them into amorous Fancies,
 Or those who won the Amazons,
 Swanton drubbing of their bones:

And stout Rinaldo gain'd his Bride
By Courting of her Back and Side.
But since those times and seats are over,
They are not for a Modern Lover:
When Mistresses are too cross-grain'd,
By such Addresses to be gain'd:
And if they were, would have it out,
With many other kind of Bont.
Therefore I hold no Course s' infesible
As this of force to win the Jezabel,
To storm her heart, by th' Antick Charms
Of Ladies Errant, force of Arms;
But rather strive by Law to win her,
And try the Title you have in her,
Your case is clear, you have her Word,
And me to witness the Accord.
Besides two more of her Retinue,
To testifie what pass'd between you.
More probable, and like to hold,
Than Hand, or Seal, or breaking Gold:

For which so many that renounc'd
 Their plighted Contrasts, have been trown'd.
 And Bills upon Record been found,
 That forc'd the Ladies to compound :
 And that, unless I miss the matter,
 Is all the business you look after :
 Besides, Encounters at the Bar,
 Are braver now, than those in War,
 In which the Law does Execution,
 With less Disorder and Confusion :
 Has more of Honour in't some hold,
 Not like the New way, but the Old.
 When those the Pen had drawn together,
 Divided Quarrels with the Feather,
 And winged Arrows kill'd as dead,
 And more then Bullets now of Lead.
 So all their Combats now, as then,
 Are manag'd chiefly by the Pen.
 That does the Feat, with braver Vigours,
 In words at length, as well as Figures.

Is Judge of all the World performs,
In voluntary Feats of Arms.
And whatso'er's achiev'd in Fight,
Determines which is wrong or right?
For whether you Prevail or Lose,
All must be try'd there in the close.
And therefore 'tis not wise to shun,
What you must trust to, ere y' have done.

The Law, that settles all you do,
And marries where you did but woo.
That makes the most perfidious Lover,
A Lady, that's as false, recover:
And if it judge upon your side,
Will soon extend her for your Bride:
And put her Person, Goods, or Lands,
Or which you like best int' your hands;

For Law's the Wisdom of all Ages
And manag'd by the ablest Sages,

Who through their Bus'ness at the Bar.
 Be but a kind of Civil War.
 In which th'ingage with fiercer Dudgeons
 Than e're the Grecians did and Trojans.
 They never manage the Contest,
 To impair their publick Interest;
 Or by their Controversies, lessen
 The dignity of their Profession:
 Not like us Brethren, who divide
 Our Common-wealth, the Cause and Side,
 And though w' are all as near of Kindred
 As the outward Man is to the Inward;
 We agree in nothing but to wrangle
 About the slightest single fangle,
 While Lawyers have more sober sense,
 Than to argue at their own expence.
 But make their best Advantages,
 Of other quarrels, like the Swiss,
 And out of Foreign Controversies,
 By aiding both sides, fill their Purses.

But have no int'rest in the Cause,
 For which th' engage, and wage the Laws:
 Nor further Prospect than their Pay,
 Whether they lose or win the Day.
 And though th' abound in all Ages,
 With sundry learned Clerks, and Sages;
 Though all their business be Dispute,
 With which they canvas every Suit;
 Th' have no disputes about their Art,
 Nor in Polemicks controvert.
 While all Professions else are found,
 With nothing but Disputes & abound;
 Divines of all sorts, and Physicians,
 Philosophers, Mathematicians;
 The Gallenist, and Paracelsian,
 Condemn the way each other deals in.
 Anatomists dissect and mangle,
 To cut themselves out Work to wrangle.
 Astrologers dispute their Dreams;
 That in their sleeps they talk of Schemes.

And

And Herald stickle, who got who,
So many hundred Years ago.

But Lawyers are too wise a Nation,
To expose their Trade to Disputation,
Or make the busie Rabble Judges,
Of all their secret Piques, and Grudges :

In which whoever wins the day,
The whole Profession's sure to pay.

Beside, no Mountebanks, nor Cheats,
Dare undertake to do their Feats ;
When in all other Sciences,
They swarm, like Insects, and Increase ;
For what Bigot durst ever draw,
By Inward Light, a Deed in Law ?
Or could hold forth, by Revelation,
An Answer to a Declaration ?
For those that meddle with their Tools,
Will cut their Fingers, if th' are Fools.

And

*And if you follow their Advice,
In Bills, and Answers, and Replies:
They'l write a Love-letter in Chancery
Shall bring her upon Oath to Answer ye.
And soon Reduce you to b' your Wife,
Or make her weary of her Life.*

*The Knight who us'd with Tricks and
To Edifie by Rulpho's Gifts: (Shifts,
But in appearance cry'd him down,
To make them better seem his own,
(All Plagiary's Constant Course
Of sinking, when they take a Purse)
Resolv'd to follow his Advice,
But kept it from him in disguise:
And after stubborn Contradiction,
To Counterfeit his own Conviction,
And by Transition, fall upon
The Resolution, as his own.*

Quoth

Quoth he; This Gambol thou advisest;
Is of all others, the unwiseſt;
For if I think by Law to gain her,
There's nothing ſillier nor vainer.
'Tis but to hazard my Pretence,
Where nothing's certain but th' Expence.
To ſuit againſt my ſelf, and traverse
My Suit and Title to her Favours.
And if ſhe ſhould, which Heaven forbid,
O'rethrow me, as the Fidler did,

What after-courſe have I to take,
'Gainſt loſing all I have at Stake?
He that with injury is griev'd,
And goes to Law to be reliev'd;
Is ſillier than a ſcottish Chews.
Who when a Thief has Rob'd his houſe;
Applies himſelf to Cunning-men
To help him to his Goods again.

When

When all he can expect to gain,
Is but to squander more in vain;
And yet I have no other way,
But is as difficult, to play.
For to reduce her, by main force,
Is now in vain, by fair means, worse:
But worst of all, to give her over,
Till she's as desperate to recover.
For bad Games are thrown up too soon,
Until th' are never to be won.
But since I have no other Course,
But is as bad t' attempt, or worse:
He that complies against his Will,
Is of his own Opinion still;
Which he may adhere to, yet disown,
For Reasons to himself best known:
But 'tis not to be avoided now,
For Sidrophel resolves to sue:
Whom I must answer, or begin
Inevitably, first with him.

For

For I've receiv'd Advertisement,
 By times, enough of his intent;
 And knowing, he that first complains,
 Th' advantage of the business gains.
 For Courts of Justice understand
 The Plaintiff to be eldest hand;
 Who what he pleases may aver,
 The other nothing till he swear:
 Is freely admitted to all Grace,
 And Lawful Favour by his place;
 And for his bringing Custom in,
 Has all Advantages to win.
 I, who resolve to oversee
 No lucky Opportunity,
 Will go to Counsel, to advise
 Which way t^e encounter or surprize.
 And after long consideration,
 Have found out one to fit th^e occasion;
 Most apt, for what I have to do,
 As Counsellor, and Justice too.

And

And truly so, no doubt, he was,
A Lawyer fit for such a Case.

An Old Dull Sot; wh^o had told the Clock,
For many years at *Bridewell-Dock*,
At *Westminster*, and *Hickes-Hall*,
And *Hiccius-Dockius* play'd in all;
Where in all Governments, and Times,
H^e had been both friend, and foe to Crimes,
And us'd two equal ways of gaining,
By hindring Justice, or maintaining:
To many a Whore gave Priviledge,
And whip'd for want of *Quarteridge*,
Cart-loads of Bawds, to Prison sent
For b'ing behind a Fortnights Rent,
And many a trusty Pimp and Crony,
To *Puddle-dock*, for want of money.
Ingag'd the Constable to seize
All those, that would not break the Peace.

bna

Nor

Nor give him back his own foul words,
 Though sometimes *Commoners or Lords* :
 And kept 'em Prisoners, of Course,
 For being *seber at all hours*,
 That in the Morning he might Free,
 Or bind 'em over, for his Fee.
 Made *Monsters fine*, and *Puppet plays*,
 For leave to practice, in their ways :
 Farm'd out all Cheats, and went a share,
 With th' *Headborough* and *Scavenger*,
 And made the Dirt i'th' Streets Compound,
 For taking up the Publick Ground :
 The *Kennel* and the *King's High-way*,
 For being unmolested, Pay.
 Let out the *Stocks*, and *Whipping-Post*,
 And *Gage*, to those that gave him most :
 Impos'd a Tax on *Bakers Ears*,
 And for *False Weights* on *Chandellers*.
 Made *Vitruallers*, and *Vintners Fine*
 For Arbitrary Ale and Wine.

But

But was a kind and constant Friend
 To all that Regularly offend:
 As Residentiary Bawls,
 And Brokers that receive stolen Goods;
 That cheat in Lawful Mysteries,
 And pay Church-duties, and hire Fees;
 But was implacable and auker'd
 To all that Interlop'd, and Hamper'd.

To this brave Man, the Knight repairs
 For Counsel, in his Law-Affairs;
 And found him mounted, at his Pew,
 With Books, and Money plac'd, for shew,
 Like Nest-eggs, to make Clients lay,
 And for his false Opinion pay;
 To whom the Knight, with comely Grace,
 Put off his Hat, to put his Case,
 Which he as proudly entertain'd.
 As the other courteously strain'd.

And

And to assure him, 'twas not that
He look'd for; Bid him put on's Hat.

Quoth he, there is one Sidrophel
Whom I have cudgel'd—Very well.

And now he brags, & have beaten me.

Better, and better still, quoth he.

And vows to stick me to a Wall

When ere he meets me—best of all.

'Tis true, the Knave has taken's Oath

That I rob'd him—Well done in troth.

When h' has confest he stole my Cloak,

And pick'd my Fob, and what he took,

Which was the cause that made me bang him,

And take my Goods again—marry hang him:

Now whether I should, before hand

Swear he rob'd me? I understand,

Or bring my Action of Conversion

And Trover for my Goods? Ah Whorson.

Or if 'tis better to indite,
 And bring him to his Trial? — Right,
 Prevent what he designs to do,
 And swear for th' State against him? — True,
 Or whether he that is Defendant
 In this Case, has the better end on't;
 Who putting in a new cross-bill,
 May traverse th' Action — better still.
 Then there's a Lady too. — I marry,
 That's easily prov'd accessary.
 A Widow, who by solemn Vows,
 Contracted to me, for my Spouse,
 Combin'd with him to break her word,
 And has abetted all — Good Lord,
 Suborn'd the aforesaid Sjdrophel,
 To tamper with the Dev'l of Hell,
 Who put me into horrid fear,
 Fear of my Life, — Make that appear
 Made an assault, with Friends and Men,
 Upon my body. — Good agen.

And

And kept me in a deadly fright,
And false Imprisonment all Night,
Mean while, they rob'd me, and my Horse,
And stole my Saddle, — worse and worse;
And made mount upon the bare-ridge,
To avoid a wretched miscarriage.

Sir, quoth the Lawyer, not to flatter ye,
You have as Good, and Fair a Battery,
As heart can wish, and need not shame
The proudest Man alive to claim.
For if th' have us'd you, as you say,
Marry, quoth I, God give you joy,
I would it were my Case, I'd give,
More than I'll say, or you'll believe.
I would so trounce her, and her Purse,
I'd make her kneel for better or worse;
For Matrimony, and Hanging here,
Both go by destiny so clear,

That you as sure, may Pick and Choose,
 As Cross I win, and Pile you lose.
 And if I durst, I would advance
 As much, in Ready Maintenance ;
 As upon any Case I've known:
 But we that practice dare not own,
 The Law severely contrabands,
 Our taking Business off Mens bands ;
 'Tis Common barratry, that bears
 Point blank an Action 'gainst our Ears,
 And crops them, till there is not Leather
 To stick a Pin in, lest of either ;
 For which, some do the Sommer-fault
 And o'er the Bar, like Tumblers, vault.
 But you may swear at any rate
 Things not in Nature, for the State :
 For in all Courts of Justice here
 A Witness is not said to swear,
 But make Oath, that is, in plain terms,
 To forge whatever he affirms :

CANTO III. 111

(I thank you, quoth the Knight, for that,
 Because 'tis to my purpose pat——)
 For Justice, though she's painted blind,
 Is to the weaker side enclin'd,
 Like charity, else right, and wrong,
 Could never hold it out so long,
 And, like blind Fortune, with a slight,
 Conveys Mens Interest, and Right,
 From Stiles's Pocket, into Nokeses:
 As easily as Hocus Pocus.
 Plays fast and loose, makes Men Obnoxious,
 And clear again, like Hiccius-Doctins.
 Then whether you would take her life,
 Or but recover, her for your Wife:
 Or be content with what she has,
 And let all others matters Past,
 The Business to the Law's alone,
 The proof is all it look's upon.
 And you can want no Witnesses,
 To swear to any thing you please.

That hardly get their meer Expences,
By th' Labor of their Consciences,
Or letting out to hire, their Ears,
To Affidavit Customers:
At inconsiderable values,
To serve for Jury-men, or Tales,
Although retain'd in th' hardest matters,
Of Trustees, and Administrators:
For that, quoth he, let me alone,
W' have store of such, and all our own,
Bred up and tutor'd, by our Teachers,
The ablest of Conscience-stretchers.
That's well! Quoth he, But I should Guesse,
By weighing of Advantages.
Your surest way is first to Pitch
On Bongey, for a Water-witch:
And when y' have hang'd the Conjurer,
T' have time enough to deal with her.
In th' Intrim; Spare for no Trepan,
To draw her Neck, into the Banes;

Ply her with Love-Letters, and Billets,
 And Bait 'em well for Quirks, and Quillets,
 With Trains & inveigle and surprise,
 Her Heedless Answers, and Reply's:
 And if she miss the Monstrap-Lines,
 They'll serve for other By-Designs:
 And make an Artist understand,
 To Copy out her Seal, or Hand:
 Or find void Places in the Paper,
 To steal in something to Intrap her.
 'Till with her worldly Goods, and Body,
 Spight of her heart, she has indow'd ye

Retain all sorts of Witnesses,
 That ply it's Temples, under Trees.
 Or walk the Round, with Knights o' h Posts:
 About the Cross-leg'd Knights, their hosts,
 Or wait for Customers, between
 The Piller-Rows in Lincolns-Inn.

Where Vouchers, Forgers, Common-bayl,
 And Affidavit-men, ne'r fail
 To expose to Sale, all sorts of Oaths,
 According to their Ears, and Cloaths.
 Their only Necessary Tools,
 Besides the Gospel, and their Souls.
 And when y' are furnish'd with all Purveys
 I shall be ready at your service.

I would not give, quoth Hudibras,
 A straw to understand a Case,
 Without the admirabler skill
 To Wind, and Manage it at Will:
 To Vere, and Tack, and steer a Cause,
 Against the Weather-gage of Laws;
 And Ring the Changer upon Cases,
 As plain, as Noses upon Faces.
 As you have well instructed me,
 For which you have earn'd (here'tis) your Fee,

I long

I long to practise your advice
And try the subtle Artifice :
To bait a Letter, as you bid,
As not long after, thus he did,
For having pump'd up all his Wit,
And humm'd upon it, thus he writ.

*An Heroical Epistle of Hudibras
to his Lady.*

I Who was once as great as *Cæsar*,
Am now reduc'd to *Nebuchadnezer*,
And from as fam'd a Conqueror
As ever took degree in War,
Or did his Exercise in Battel,
By you turn'd out to Grass with Cattel.
For since I am deny'd access
To all my Earthly Happiness.

Am

Am fallen from the *Paradise*
Of your good *Graces*, and fair *Eyes*.
Lost to the World, and you, I'm sent
To Everlasting Banishment,
Where all the *Hopes* I had, t' *have won*
Your heart, being dash'd, will break my own,
Yet if you were not so severe
To pass your doom, before you hear,
You'll find, upon my just defence,
How much y' have wrong'd my Innocence,
That once I made a *Vow to you*,
Which yet is unperform'd 'tis true ;
But not, because it is unpaid,
'Tis *Violated*, though *delay'd*:
Or if it were, it is no fault
So heinous, as you'd have it thought,
To undergo the loss of Ears,
Like vulgar *Hackney Perjurers*,
For there's a difference in the case*
Between the *Noble*, and the *Base* :

Who

Who always are observ'd t' have don't,
Upon as different an account;
The one for *great, and weighty Cause*,
To salve in Honour *ugly Flaws*.
For none are like to do it sooner,
Than those, who are nicest of their Ho-
The other, for *base Gain, and Pay*, (nour.
Forswear, and Perjure, by the Day;
And make th' exposing, and retailing
Their Souls, and Consciences, a Calling.

It is no *Scandal*, nor *Aspersion*,
Upon a *Great and noble Person*,
To say, he Nat'rally abhorr'd
Th' old fashion'd trick, to keep his Word,
Though 'tis perfidiousness, and shame,
In meaner Men, to do the same.
For to be able to *Forget*,
Is found more useful, to the *Great*:

Then

Then Gout, or Deafness, or bad Eyes,
To make 'em pass for wondrous wise.
But though the Law, on Perjurers,
Inflicts the *Forfeiture of Ears*;
It is not *just*, that does exempt
The *Guilty*, and *punish the innocent*,
To make the Ears repair the wrong,
Committed by th' *ungovern'd Tongue*;
And when one Member is forsworn,
Another to be cropt or torn.
And if you should, as you design,
By course of Law recover mine.
You're like, if you consider right,
To gain but little Honour by't.
For he that for his Ladies sake
Lays down his Life, or Limbs at Stake,
Does not so much deserve her Favour,
As he that *pawns his Soul* to have her.
This y' have acknowledg'd I have done,
Although you now disdain to own:

But

But sentence, what you rather ought
To esteem *good Service*, than a *Fault*.
Besides, Oaths are not bound to bear
That *Literal Sense*, the words infer,
But by the practice of the Age,
Are to be judg'd how far th'ingage.
And where the Sense by Custom's checkt,
Are found *void, and of none effect*.
For no Man takes, or keeps a Vow,
But just as he sees others do,
Nor are th' oblig'd to be so brittle,
As not to yield, and bow a little,
For as best temper'd Blades are found
Before they break, to bend quite round,
So truest Oaths are still most tough,
And though they *bow, are breaking-proof*.
Then wherefore shall they not b' allow'd
In love a greater Latitude?
For as the Law of Arms approves
All ways to Conquests, so *should Loves*;

OT
And

And not be ty'd to true or false,
 But make that justest, that prevails;
 For how can that which is above,
 All Empire, *High and Mighty Love*,
 Submit it's great Prerogative,
 To any other power alive?
 Shall Love, that to no Crown gives place
 Become the subject of a Case?
 The *Fundamental Law of Nature*,
 Be over-rul'd! by those made after?
 Commit the censure of *its Cause*
 To any, but it's own *Great Laws*?
 Love, that's the Worlds preservative,
 That keeps all Souls of things alive?
 Controuls the *Mighty pow'r of Fate*,
 And gives Mankind a longer date.
 The Life of Nature, that restores,
 As fast as *Time and Death* devours,

To whose free gift, the World does owe
Not only Earth but Heav'n too :
For Love's the only Trade that's driven
The *Interest of State in Heaven*,
Which nothing but the Soul of Man,
Is capable to entertain.
For what can Earth produce, but Love
To represent the *Joy's above* ?
Or who, but *Lovers*, can converse,
Like Angels; by the Eye Discourse?
Address, and complement by Vision,
Make Love, and Court by intuition?
And burn in amorous Flames as fierce,
As those Celestial Ministers ?
Then how can any thing offend
In order, to so great an end ?
Or Heav'n it self a Sin resent,
That for its own supply was ment ?
That merits in a kind mistake,
A Pardon for the offences sake.

Or

Or if it did not, but the *Cause*
Were left to th' injury of *Laws*,
What tyranny can disapprove
There should be *Equity* in Love?
For *Laws* that are Inanimate,
And feel no sense of Love, or Hate;
That have no *Passion* of their own,
Not pity to be wrought upon,
Are only proper to inflict
Revenge, or *Criminals*, as strict;
But to have *Power to forgive*,
Is Empire, and Prerogative;
And 'tis in *Crowns*, a nobler *Jem*,
To grant a *Pardon*, then condemn.
Then since so few do what they ought,
'Tis great t'indulge a well-meant fault.
For why should he, who made address
All humble ways, without success,
And met with nothing in return,
But Insolence, Affronts, and Scorn,

Not

Not strive by Wit to countermine,
And bravely carry his Design?
He who was us'd so unlike a Soldier,
Blown up with *Philters of Love-Powder*,
And after *letting Blood and Purging*,
Condemn'd to *voluntary Scourging*,
Alarm'd with many a horrid Fright,
And claw'd by *Goblins*, in the Night?
Insulted on, *Revil'd and Jeer'd*,
With rude Invasion of his Beard?
And when your Sex was foully scandal'd,
As foully by the Rabble handled?
Attack'd by despicable Foes,
And drub'd with mean and vulgar blows;
And after all, to be debarr'd
So much as standing on his Gaurd?
When Horses being *spurr'd and prick'd*,
Have leave to *kick* for being *kick'd*;

Or why should you, whose *Mother Wits*
Are furnished with all *Perquisites*?
That with your *Breeding Teeth* begin,
And *Nursing Babies*, that *Lie in*
B'allow'd to put all tricks upon
Our *Cully-Sex*, and we use none?
We, who have nothing but frail *Vows*,
Against your *Statagems* t' oppose?
Or *Oaths*, more feeble than your own,
By which, we are no less put down?
You wound, like *Parthians*, while you fly,
And kill with a *Retreating Eye*;
Retire the more, the more we press,
To draw us into *Ambushes*,
As *Pirates* all false *Colours* wear,
T' intrap th' unwary *Mariner*:
So Women, to surprize us, spread
Their *borrowed Flags*, of *White and Red*.

Display 'em thicker on their Cheeks,
Than their old Grand-mothers, the Pillers;
And raise more Devils with their Looks,
Than Conjurers less subtil Books,
Lay Trains of Amorous Intrigues,
In Towers, and Curls, and Perriwigs.
With greater Art and cunning rear'd,
Than Philip Ny's Thanks-giving-beard,
Prepost'rously t'intice, and Gain
Those to adore 'em they disdain:
And onely draw 'em in, to clog
With idle Names, a Catalogue,

A Lover is, the more he's brave;
T' his Mistress, but the more a Slave,
And whatsoever she commands
Becomes a Favour from her hands;
Which he's oblig'd t' obey, and must,
Whether it be unjust, or just.

Then when he is compell'd by her
T' Adventures, he would else forbear,
Who, with his Honour, can withstand,
Since Force is greater than Command?
And when Necessity's obey'd
Nothing can be unjust or bad:
And therefore when the mighty Pow'rs
Of Love, *your great Ally, and yours;*
Joyn'd Forces, not to be withstood
By frail enamoured Flesh and Blood;
All I have done unjust or ill
Was in obedience to your Will:
And all the blame that can be due
Falls to your Cruelty and you,
Nor are those Scandals I confess,
Against my Will, and Interest,
More than is daily done of course
By all men, when th' are under force.

Whence

Whence some, upon the Rack, confess
What th' *Hang-man* and their *Prompters* please.
But are no sooner out of pain
Then they deny it all again.
But when the Devil turns Confessor,
Truth is a Crime, he takes no pleasure
To hear, or pardon, like the *Founder*
Of Lyars, whom they all claim under.
And therefore, when I told him none,
I think it was the wiser done.
Nor am I without Precedent,
The first that on th' Adventure, went:
All Mankind ever did of course,
And daily does the same, or worse.
For what *Romance* can shew a Lover,
That had a *Lady* to recover,
And did not steer a nearer Course,
To fall aboard in his Amours?
And what at first was held a Crime,
Has turn'd to Honourable in time.

To what a height did *Infant Rome*,
By Ravishing of Women come?
When Men upon their Spouses seiz'd,
And freely Marry'd where they pleas'd;
They ne'r *Forsook* themselves nor *Ly'd*,
Nor in the Minds they were in, *Dy'd*
Nor took the pains of *address* and *sue*,
Nor plaid the *Masquerade* to wooe.
Disdain'd to stay for Friends Consents,
Nor juggled about Settlements:
Did need no *License*, nor no *Priest*,
Nor Friends, nor Kindred to assist;
Nor Lawyers, to jayn *Land and Money*,
In th' *Holy State of Matrimony*:
Before they settled Hands and Hearts,
Till *Alimony*, or *Death* departs:
Nor would endure to stay, until
Th' had got the very *Bride's* Good will.

But

But took a wise and shorter Course,
To win the Lady's, *Down-right Force*.
And justly made 'em Prisoners then,
As they have often since, us Men;
With *Acting Plays*, and *Dancing Jiggs*,
The luckiest of all Love's Intrigues:
And when they had them at their pleasure,
Then talkt of *Love*, and *Flames*, at leisure
For, after *Matrimony's* over;
He that holds out but *Half a Lover*,
Deserves for ev'ry *Minute*, more
Than *half a Year* of Love before;
For which the Dames, in Contemplation
Of that best way of Application,
Prov'd Nobler Wives than e'er were known,
By *Suit*, or *Treaty*, to be won:
And such as all Posterity
Could never equal, nor come nigh.

For Women first were made for Men,
Not Men for them.—It follows then,
That Men have Right to every one,
And they no Freedom of their own :
And therefore Men have pow'r to chuse,
But they no Charter to refuse.
Hence 'tis apparent, that what Course
So e'er we take to *your Amours*,
Though by the indirectest way,
'Tis no *Injustice*, nor *Foul Play*.
And that you ought to take that Course,
As we take you, for *Bett'r or Worse* ;
And gratefully submit to those
Who you, before another chose :
For why should every savage Beast
Exceed his *Great Lord's Interest* ?
Have freer Pow'r, than he, in *Grace*,
And Nature, o'er the Creature has ?

Because

Because the Laws he since has made
Have cut off all the Pow'r he had ;
Retrench'd the absolute Dominion,
That Nature gave him, over Women.
When all his Pow'r will not extend,
One *Law of Nature* to suspend :
And but to offer to repeal
The smallest Clause, is to rebell.
This, if Men rightly understood
Their Privilege, they would make good ;
And not, like Sots, permit their Wives
T' encroach on their Prerogatives.
For which Sin, they deserve to be
Kept, as they are, in Slavery.
And this, some precious *Gifted Teachers*
Unrev'rently reputed *Leachers* ;
And disobey'd in making Love,
Have vow'd to all the World, to prove
And make ye suffer, as ye ought,
For that uncharitable Fault.

But, I forget my self, and rove
Beyond th' Instructions of my Love,
Forgive me (*Fair*) and only blame
Th' Extravagancy of my *Flame*,
Since 'tis too much, at once to shew
Excess of Love, and Temper too.
All I have said that's *bad*, and *true*,
Was never meant to aim at you ;
Who have so Sov'rain a Controul
O'er that poor Slave of yours, my *Soul* :
That, rather than to forfeit you,
Has ventur'd *loss of Heaven* too.
Both with an equal Pow'r possesse,
To render all that serve you Blest :
But none like him, who's destin'd, either
To *have*, or *lose* you, both together.
And if you'l but this fault release,
(For so it must be, since you please,)

I'll pay down all that Vow, and more,
Which you *commanded*, and I *swore*,
And expiate upon my Skin,
The Arrears in full of all my Sin.
For, 'tis but just, that I should pay
Th' accruing Penance for Delay.
Which shall be done, until it move
Your equal pity, and your Love.

The *Knight*, perusing *this Epistle*,
Believ'd h' had brought her to his *Whistle*;
And read it, like a jocund Lover,
With great applause t' himself, twice over,
Subscrib'd his *Name*, but at a Fit,
And humble distance, to his *wit*;
And dated it with wondrous Art,
Giv'n from the bottom of his heart:
Then seal'd it with his *Coat of Love*
A *smoking Faggot*—and above

Upon

Upon a Scroll ——— *I burn, and weep,*
And near it ——— *For her Ladyship ;*
Of all her Sex, most excellent,
These to her gentle Hands present.
Then gave it to his Faithful Squire,
With Lessons how t' observe and eye her.

She first consider'd which was better,
To send it back, or burn the Letter:
But, guessing that it might import,
Though nothing else, at least, her Sport.
She open'd it, and read it out,
With many a smile, and learing Flout :
Resolv'd to answer it in kind,
And thus perform'd what she design'd.

The

THE
LADY'S ANSWER
TO THE
KNIGHT.

That you'r a *Beast*, and turn'd to *Grass*
 Is no strange News, nor ever was;
 At least, to me, who once, you know,
 Did from the Pound, *Replevin* you.
 When both your *Sword*, and *Spurs*, were won
 In Combat, by an *Amazon*;
 That *Sword*, that did (like Fate) determine
 Th' Inevitable Death of *Vermine*;
 And never dealt its furious blows,
 But cut the *Threds* of *Pigs* and *Cows*;
 By *Trulla* was, in *single Fight*,
 Disarm'd and wrested from its *Knight*.

Your

Your Heels *Degraded* of your Spurs,
And in the Stocks, close Prisoners,
Where still th' had Layn in base Restraint,
If I, in pity of your Complaint,
Had not on Honourable Conditions,
Releas't 'em from the worst of Prisons;
And what Return that favour met,
You cannot (though you would) forget;
When, being free, you strove t' evade
The Oaths you had in Prison made:
Forswore your self, and first deny'd it;
But after own'd, and justify'd it;
And when y' had falsely broke one *Vow*,
Absolv'd your self by *breaking two*.
For while you sneakingly submit,
And beg for Pardon at our Feet:
Discourag'd by your guilty Fears,
To hope for Quarter for your *Ears*.
And doubting 'twas in vain to sue,
You claim us boldly as your due.

Declare that Treachery and Force
 To deal with us is th' only Course.
 Who have no Title nor Pretence,
 To *Body, Soul, or Conscience*;
 But ought to fall to that Man's share,
 That claims us for his proper Ware.
 These are the Motives, which t' induce,
 Or fright us into Love, you use,
 A pretty new way of *Gallanting*,
 Between *Solliciting* and *Ranting*;
 Like sturdy Beggars, that intreat
 For *Charity* at once, and *threat*.
 But since you undertake to prove
 Your own Propriety in Love,
 As if we were but *Lawful Prize*
 In *War*, between two Enemies;
 Or *Forfeitures*, which ev'ry Lover
 That would but sue for, might recover.
 It is not hard to understand
 The *Mystery* of this Bold Demand:

That

That cannot at our Persons aim,
But something capable of Claim.

'Tis not those *paukey counterfeit*
French Stones, which in our Eyes you set;
But our *Right Diamonds*, that inspire,
And set your Amorous Heart on fire.
Nor can those false *St. Martins Beads*,
Which on our Lips you laid for Red;
And make us wear, like *Indian Dames*,
Add Fewel to your Scorching Flames.
But those true Rubies of the Rock,
Which in our Cabinets we lock.

'Tis not those Orient Pearls, our Teeth,
That you are so transported with;
But those we wear about our Necks,
Produce those Amorous Effects,
Nor is't those Threads of Gold, our Hair,
The *Perewigs* you make us wear:
But those bright Guinneys in our Chests,
That light the Wild-Fire in your Breasts.

These

These Love-tricks I've been vers'd in so,
That all their sly *Intrigues* I know.
And can unriddle, by *their Tones*,
The *Mystick Cabals*, and *Jargones*.
Can tell what *Passions*, by their *Sounds*,
Pine for the *Beauties* of my *Grounds* :
What *Raptures fond*, and *Amorous*
O'th' *Charms* and *Graces* of my *House*.
What *Exstacy*, and *Scorching Flame*
Burns for my *Mony*, in my *Name*.
What from th' unnatural desire
To *Beasts* and *Cattel*, take its fire.
What *tender Sigh*, and *trickling Tear*,
Longs for a *thousand Pound a Year*.
And *Languishing Transports* are fond
Of *Statute*, *Mortgage*, *Bill and Bond*.

These are th' *Attracts* which most *Men* fall
Inamour'd, at first sight, withal.
To these th' address with *Serenades*,
And Court with *Balls* and *Masquerades*;

And yet, for all the yearning Pain
Y' have suffer'd for their Loves, in vain :
I fear they'l prove so mee and coy,
To have and t' hold, and to enjoy ;
That all your Oaths, and Labour lost,
They'l ne'er turn Ladies of the post.
This is not meant to disapprove
Your Judgment in your Choice of Loves
Which is so wise, the greatest part
Of Mankind study't as an Art.
For Love should, like a Deodand,
Still fall to th' owner of the Land :
And where there's Substance for its Ground
Cannot but be more firm, and sound,
Than that which has the slighter Basis
Of Airy Vertue, Wit and Graces :
Which is of such thin Subtilty,
It steals and creeps in at the Eye.
And, as it can't endure to stay,
Steals out again as quick as day.

But

But Love, that its Extraction owns
From soild Gold, and precious Stones;
Must, like its shining Parents prove
As Solid, and as Glorious Love.

Hence 'tis, you have no way t' express
Our Charms and Graces, but by these:
For, what are Lips, and Eyes and Teeth,
Which Beauty invades, and conquers with?
But Rubies, Pearls and Diamonds;
With which a Philter Love commands?

This is the way all Parents prove,
In imagining their Children's Love;
That force 'em t' inter-marry and wed,
As if th' were Bur'ing of the Dead.
Cast Earth to Earth, as in the Grave,
To joyn in Wedlock all they have.
And when the Settlement's in force,
Take all the rest, For Better, or Worse;
For Mony has a Power above
The Stars and Fate, to manage Love:

Whose Arrows, Learned Poets hold,
That never miss, are *tipp'd with Gold*.
And tho some say, the Parents claims
To make Love in their Children's Names.
Who, many times, at once, provide
The *Nurse, the Husband, and the Bride*.
Feel *Darts and Charms, Attracts and Flames*;
And *woo, and contract, in their Names*.
And as they *Christen*, use to marry 'em,
And, like their *Gossips*, answer for 'em:
Is not to give in Matrimony;
But sell and prostitute for Mony.
'Tis better than their own Betrothing;
Who often do't for worse than nothing.
And when th' are at their own Dispose,
With greater disadvantage chuse.
All this is right! But for the Course
You take to do't, by Fraud or Force:
'Tis so ridiculous, as soon
As told, 'tis never to be done.

No

No more than *Setters* can betray,
 That tell what *Tricks* they are to play,
Marriage, at best, is but a *Vow* ;
 Which all Men either *break*, or *bow* :
 Then what will those forbear to do,
 Who *perjure*, when they do but *wop* ?
 Such as, beforehand, *swear and lye*,
 For *Earnest* to their *Treachery* :
 And, rather than a *Crime* confess,
 With greater, strive to make it less.
 Like *Thieves*, who, after *Sentence* past,
 Maintain their *Innocence* to the last.
 And when their *Crimes* were made appear
 As plain as *Witnesses* can swear.
 Yet, when the *Wretches* come to dye,
 Will take upon their *Deaths* a *Lye*.
 Nor are the *Vertues*, you confess
 T' your *Ghostly Father*, as you guess
 So slight, as to be justify'd,
 By being, as shamefully, deny'd.

As if you thought your Word would pass
 Point-blank, on both sides, of a Case,
 Or Credit were not to be lost,
 B' a *Brave Knight Errant of the past*.
 That eats, perfidiously, his Words;
 And swears his Ears through a two Inch Beard:
 Can own the same thing, and disown;
 And perjure Booty, *Pro and Con*.
 Can make the Gospel serve his turn,
 And help him out to be forsworn;
 When 'tis laid hands upon, and kiss'd,
 To be betray'd, and sold, like Christ.

These are the Vertues, in whose Name
 A Right to all the World you claim:
 And boldly challenge a Dominion,
 In Grace and Nature, o'er all Women.
 Of whom, no less will satisfy,
 Than all the Sex, your Tyranny.
 Although you'll find it a hard Province,
 With all your crafty Brains and Covins,

To govern such a numerous Crew,
Who, one by one, now govern you :
For if you all were *Solomons*,
And *Wise* and *Great* as he was once,
You'll find Th' are able to subdue,
(*As they did him*) and baffle you.
And if you are impos'd upon,
'Tis by your own Temptation done :
That with your Ignorance invite,
And teach us how to use the slight.
For, when we find y' are still more taken
With false Attracts of our own making ;
Swear that's a *Rose*, and that a *Stone*,
Like Sots to us that laid in on :
And what we did but slightly prime,
Most ignorantly daub in Rhime :
You force us in our own Defences,
To copy *Beams* and *Influences ;*
To lay *Perfections* on the *Graces*,
And draw *Attracts* upon our Faces :

And, in compliance to your Wit,
Your own false Jewels counterfeit.
For, by the practice of those Arts,
We gain a greater share of Hearts :
And those deserve in reason most,
That greatest pains and study cost ;
For, great Perfections are like Heav'n,
Too rich a Present to be given.
Nor are those *Master-Strokes of Beauty*
To be perform'd without *hard Duty* :
Which, when th'are nobly done, and well,
The simple Natural excel.

How fair and sweet *the planted Rose*
Beyond the *Wild* in Hedges grows ?
For, without Art, the Noblest Seeds
Of Flow'rs degenerate to Weeds :
How dull and rugged e'er 'tis Ground ?
And Polish'd, looks a Diamond ?
Though *Paradise* was e'er so fair,
It was not kept so without Care.

The whole World, without *Art* and *Dress*,
Would be but one great *Wilderness*.
And Mankind but a Savage Herd,
For all that Nature has conferr'd.
This does but *Rough-hew*, and *Design*,
Leave *Art* to *Polish*, and *Refine*,

Though Women first were made for Men,
Yet Men were made for them agen :
For when (out-witted by his Wife)
Man first turn'd *Tenant*, but, for *Life*.
If Women had not interven'd,
How soon had Mankind had an end ?
And that it is in *Being* yet,
To us alone, you are in *Debt*,
Then where's your liberty of *Choice*,
And our unnatural *No-voice* ?
Since all the *Privilege* you *boast*,
And falsely *usurp'd*, or *vainly lost*,
Is now our *Right* ; to *whose Creation*,
You owe your *Happy Restoration*.

And

And if we had not weighty Cause
To not appear in making Laws,
We could, in spite of all your Tricks,
And Shallow, Formal Politicks;
Force you, our *Managements* to obey,
As we to yours (in shew) give way.
Hence 'tis, that while you vainly strive
To advance your *high Prerogative*,
You basely, after all your Braves,
Submit, and own yourselves our Slaves.
And 'cause we do not make it known
Nor Publickly our Int'rests own;
Like Sots, suppose we have no shares
In ord'ring you, and your Affairs:
When all your Empire and Command
You have from us at *Second Hand*,
As if a Pilot, that appears
To sit still only, while he steers,
And does not make a noise and stir,
Like every common Mariner:

Knew nothing of the Card nor Stir,
 And did not guide the Man of War,
 Nor we, because we don't appear
 In Councils, do not govern there,
 While like the Mighty Prester John,
 Whose Person none dares look upon,
 But is preserv'd in Close Disguise,
 From being made cheap to vulgar Eyes,
 W^e enjoy as large a Pow'r unseen,
 To govern him, as he does Men:
 And, in the Right of our Pope Joan,
 Make Emp'rors at our feet fall down,
 Or Joan the Pucel's braver Name,
 Our Right to Arms and Conduç claim
 Who, though a Spinster, yet was able,
 To serve France for a Grand Constable.

We make and execute all Laws;
 Can judge the Judges, and the Cause,
 Prescribe all Rules of Right or Wrong,
 To th' Long Robe, and the Longer Tongue;

'Gainst

'Gainst which the World has no defence,
 But our more pow'rful Eloquence,
 We manage things of greatest weight
 In all the World's Affairs of State.
 Are Ministers of War and Peace,
 That sway all Nations how they please.
 We rule all Churches, and their Flocks,
 Heretical, and Orthodox.
 And are the Heavenly Vehicles
 O' th' Spirit, in all Conventicles.
 By us is all Commerce and Trade
 Improv'd, and manag'd, and decay'd.
 For, nothing can go off so well,
 Nor bears that Price, as what we sell.
 We rule in ev'ry Publick Meeting,
 And make Men do what we judge fitting.
 Are Magistrates in all great Towns,
 Where Men do nothing but wear Gowns.
 We make the Man of War strike Sail,
 And to our braver Conduct vail.

And

And, when h' has chac'd his Enemies,
Submit to us upon his Knees.

Is there an *Officer of State*,
Untimely rais'd ; or *Magistrate*,
That's *Haughty, and Imperious*?
He's but a *Journey-man* to us.

That, as he gives us cause to do't,
Can keep him in, or turn him out.

We are your *Guardians*, that increase,
Or *Waste* your Fortunes, how we please.
And, as you humour us, can deal
In all your Matters *ill or well*.

'Tis we that can dispose alone,
Whether your *Heirs* shall be your *own*.
To whose Integrity you must,
In spite of all your Caution, trust,
And 'less you fly beyond the Seas,
Can fit you which what Heirs we please:
And force you t' own'em, though begotten
By *French Valets*, or *Irish Foot-men*.

Nor

252 The Lady's Answer

Nor can the rigorouslest Course
 Prevail, unless to make us worse.
 Who, still the harsher we are us'd,
 Are further off from being reduc'd
 And scorn t' abate, for any Ills,
 The least Punctilio of our Wills.
 Force does but whet our Wits to apply
 Arts, born with us, for Remedy:
 Which all your Politicks, as yet,
 Have ne'er been able to defeat.
 For, when y' have try'd all sorts of ways,
 What Fools d' we make of you in Plays?
 While all the Favours we afford,
 Are but to girt you with the Sword,
 To fight our Battels in our steads,
 And have your Brains beat out o' your Heads:
 Encounter in despite of Nature;
 And fight at once with Fire and Water,
 With Pyrates, Rocks, and Storms, and Seas,
 Our Pride and Vanity's appease.

Kill

Kill one another, and cut Throats,
 For our good Graces, and best Thoughts ;
 To do your Exercise for Honour,
 And have your Brains beat out the sooner ;
 Or crack'd, as Learnedly, upon
 Things that are never to be known :
 And still appear the more industrious,
 The more your Projects are preposterous.
 To square the Circle of the Arts ;
 And run stark mad to shew your Parts,
 Expound the Oracle of Laws,
 And turn them which way we see Cause.
 Be our Sollicitors, and Agents,
 And stand for us in all Engagements.
 And these are all the Mighty Powers,
 You vainly boast, to cry down ours.
 And what in real Value's wanting,
 Supply with Vapouring and Ranting :
 Because your selves are terrify'd,
 And stoop to one another's Pride :

Believe

The Lady's Answer

Believe we have as little Wit
To be *Out-Hector'd*, and *Submit* :
By your *Example*, lose that Right
In *Treaties*, which we gain'd in *Fight* :
And terrify'd into an Awe,
Pass on our selves a *Salick Law*,
Or, as some Nations use, give place,
And truckle to your *Mighty Race*.
Let Men usurp th' unjust Dominion,
As if they were the better *Women*.

FINIS